RAILROAD

APRIL, 1970 MAGAZINE FIFTY CENTS

This can be your "Big Break"
if you're a man who's ever said...

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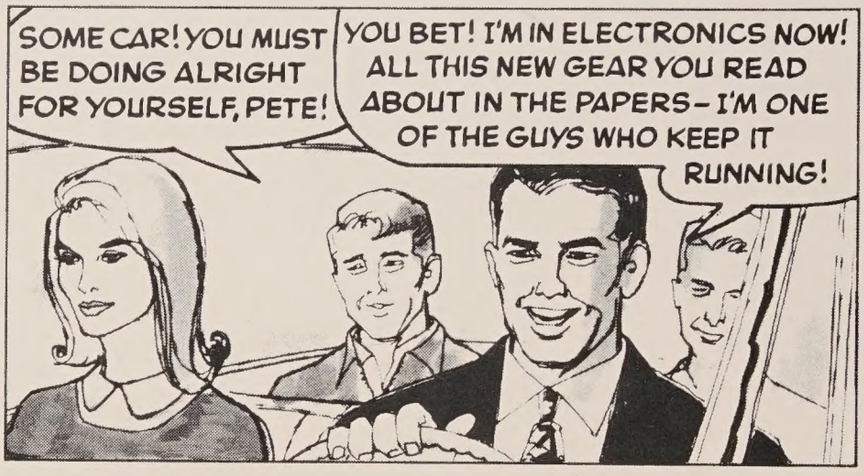
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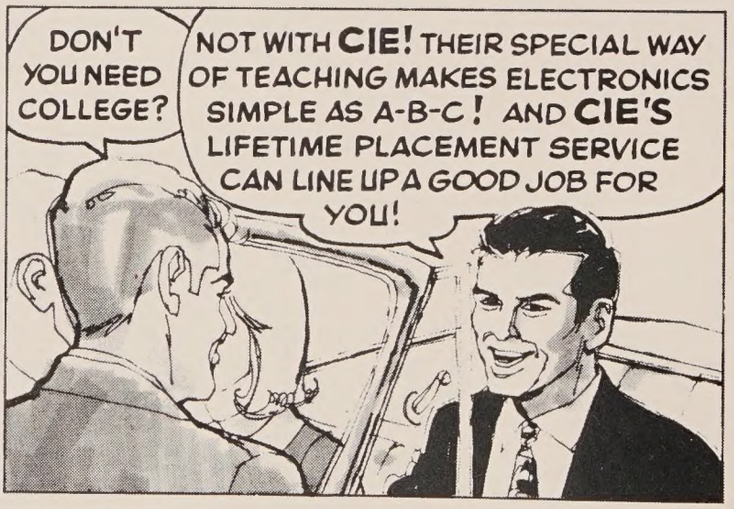
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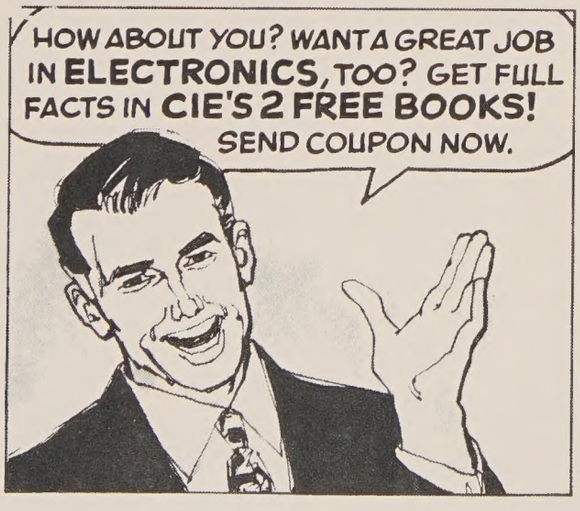

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Here, for you geeks and Doras with fond (but dimming) memories of those civilized, innocent years long gone, is a perfect view of life in the Golden Twenties. Silent movies, flivvers, small town living, reasonable prices for well-made goods—they're still here in these pages.

Movie fans who thrilled at the beauty of Mary Pickford and the Gish sisters first learned about the new Hollywood fashions (skirts were nine inches off the ground) and hair styles right from this catalog.

In 1922 Monkey Ward gave almost equal space to the car and the horse. A Square Deal Buggy cost $79.95; a Light Truck Body for Ford Roadsters, only $8.25. ("But dear, those flivvers are so noisy.")

"The Radio popularity is sweeping the country like wildfire," notes the Catalogue. A booklet was offered to explain this marvel because "everybody should know something about it. The radiophone deserves your attention."

What was it like in 1922? It was cheap. As columnist Louis Sobol notes in his delightful retrospective Introduction, "the offerings leap out with what today would be considered unbelievable bargains."

- A polo coat with a fur collar. $10.50
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- Roll top oak desk. $27.95 (shipping weight about 285 lbs.)
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- Nickel-plated watch. 96¢

And the 75¢ Gift Set for Dad—a pair of fiber silk Arm Bands and double grip Garters in a neat gift box in your choice of brown, blue, white, black or purple. Remember saving up your allowance for months, and watching Dad open his birthday package (carefully, with ceremony), and saying, "Just what I've always wanted!" On receiving, that day School Opened, a special gift from Mom: a Scholar's Outfit—one waterproof school bag, one ink tablet, two pencils, one pencil sharpener, a noiseless pencil box, and one combined ink and pencil eraser. (It was always fun to dunk the eraser in your inkwell and watch the eraser drink up all the ink.)

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Note! If you do not have a credit card, your remittance of $2.95 must be sent with this membership form.

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

VOL. 86, No. 6 APRIL, 1970 50 CENTS

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ILLUSTRATED FEATURES

Photographs of the Month 14
Rutland Steam Power ..... Bert Pennypacker 20
Interesting Railfans No. 88: Spencer Crump 30
The Story of Brake Shoes ..... Erwin L. Erfert 36
Ham Operator ..... Norman Stephenson 38

FICTION

Railroad Crazy ..... Gilbert A. Lathrop 44

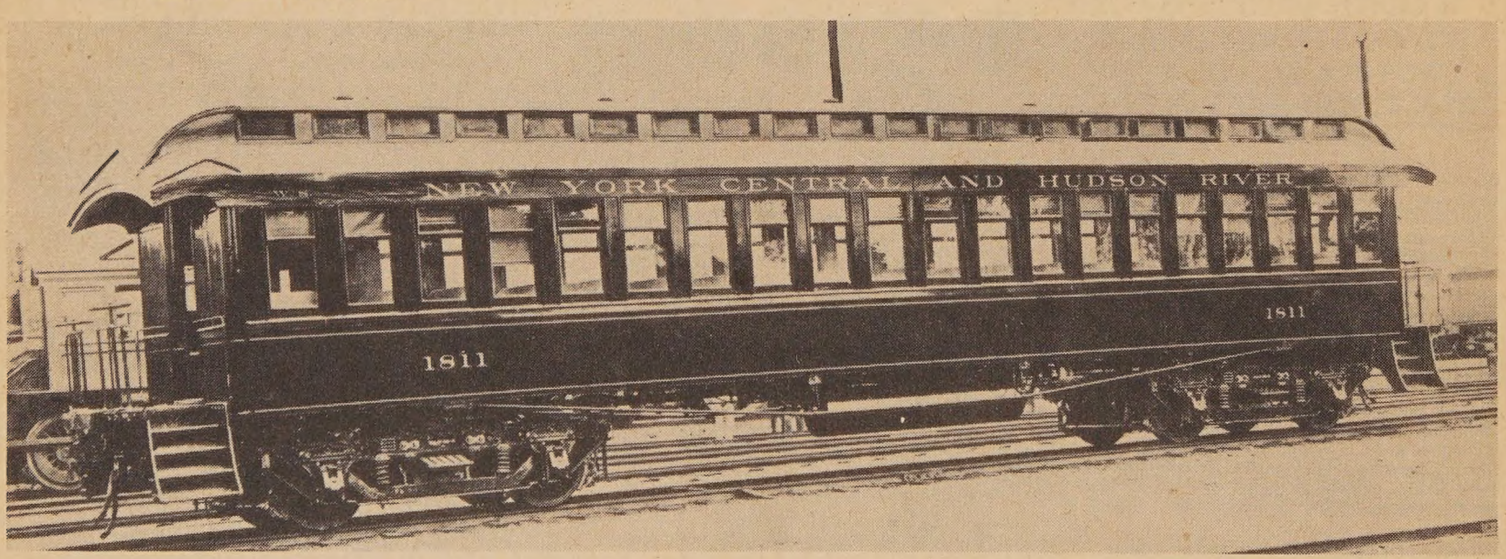
SHORT HAULS

Passenger Service on the Mexican National 40
Rosters: Rhode Island Shortlines ..... Sy Reich 52
St. Louis Southwestern Roster ..... Sy Reich 54
Freight Crews *(poem)* ..... James A. Morris 58
Along the Iron Pike *(pictorial)* ..... Joseph Easley 60

DEPARTMENTS

The Mail Car 6
Passenger Train Survey 28
In Search of Steam 33
Information Booth 34
Transit Topics 41
Coming Events 43
Pen Pals Wanted 43
Books of the Rails 56
The Hobby Club 62
The Switch List 65

Rare old builder's photo of a New York Central & Hudson River Railroad car that was copied by Lionel for its model of day coach No. 29. Prototype was built in 1902.
Harry P. Albrecht collection



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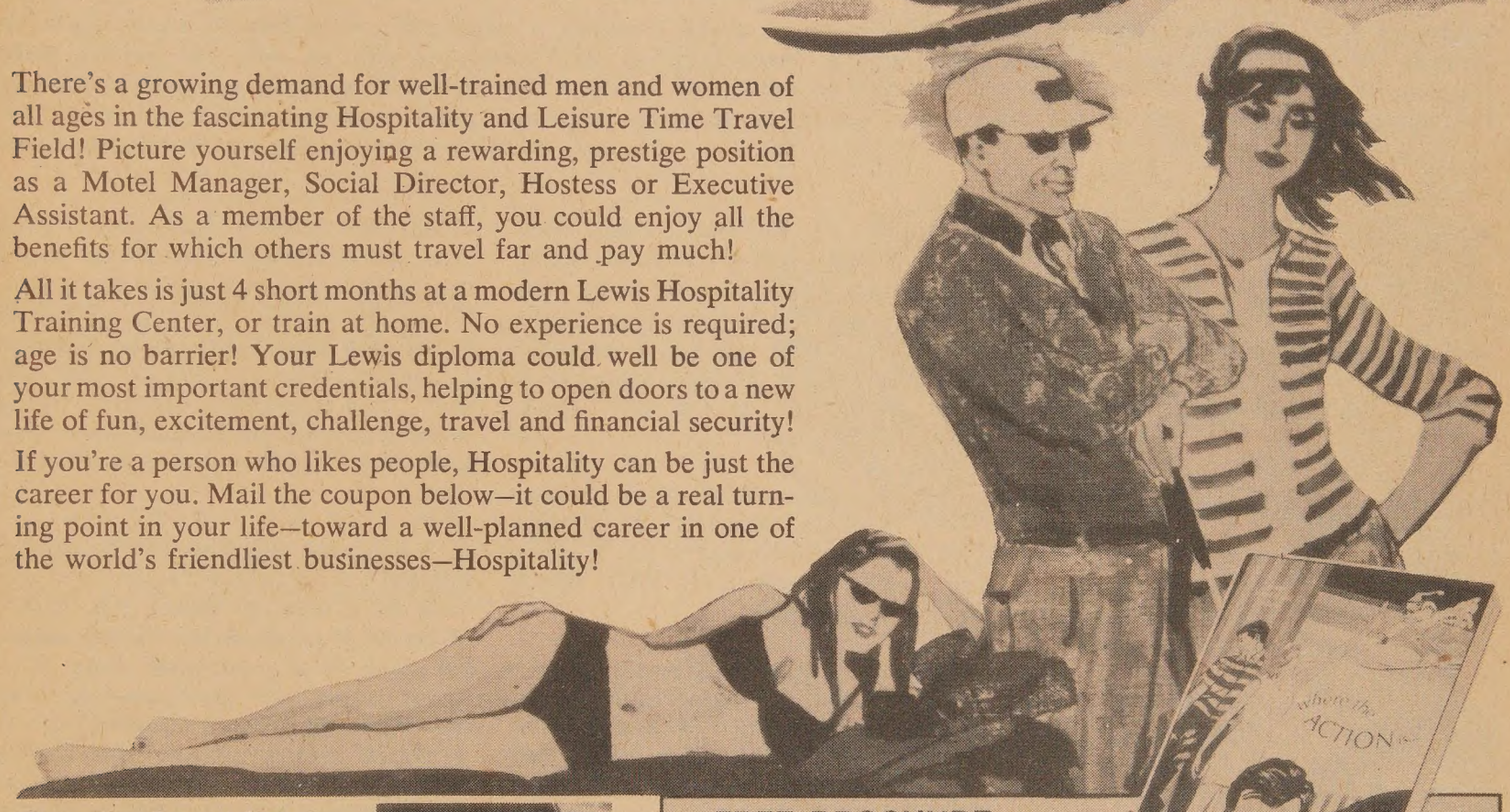

"Today, I am Banquet Counselor at the Holiday Inn. I plan functions—from small business meetings to weddings and banquets. I help patrons plan menus, decorations, room arrangements, cocktail parties, etc. My days are full and I look forward to going to work each day. My every good wish to the School for its continued success!"

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Massachusetts

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We regret that our January cover girl happened to stand on a rail, breaking a safety rule, when Mike Eagleson made the picture. She didn't know she was being photographed. Non-railroaders often stand and walk on rails, like Sandra Smith (extreme right), who is seen near Western Pacific's tunnel 3 with a friend, Wendy Harrison. Both are San Franciscans. The unidentified young lady in the other photo shows the right way to cross a track, stepping *over* a rail, not *on* it.

Photos by Virgil C. Staff, 1700 Sonorama Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

Jim Shaughnessy

RESPONDING to many readers' requests, we are proud to present a diesel locomotive cover this month. It was made by Jim Shaughnessy, 479 Eighth Ave., Troy, N.Y. Besides being a photographer, Jim is the author of two popular books, *The Rutland Road* and *The Delaware & Hudson*. The picture shows the D&H's southbound *Laurentian*, No. 34, just south of Saratoga Springs station last October. ●

DIESEL FANS. "Congratulations on your February cover!" writes Jim Reid, 4584 Brentlawn Dr., North Burnaby, B.C., Canada. "That turbine shot is a relief from the usual dreary steam covers. From now on, let's have a mixture of subjects: steam, diesel, electric, etc. I prefer diesels, but a magazine with both variety and human interest would help to restore my interest in the steam power I knew as a boy. Too many of your readers insult diesel locos, which I resent."

"Nearly all *Railroad* covers show steam power," complains Fred Grady, 621 Sioux Ave., Broken Bow, Neb. 68822. "Is there something about diesels that your editors dislike? I personally would refer a smooth, shiny, clean diesel locomotive to an ugly, black, grimy, oily steamer."

"Publish more diesel articles," urges Larry Fountain, Box 1139, Cullowhee, N.C. 28723. "Although I am a steam fan, I like diesels also. Your fiction stories are excellent."

"I enjoy *Railroad's* informal approach to railroading as contrasted with the coldly factual policies of *Trains, Railway Age,* and *Modern Railroads,* which take the management viewpoint," writes Stan Smaill, timekeeper, Canadian Pacific steel gang, Rm. 217, CP depot, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. "And you do have beautiful covers! However, I feel that *Railroad* should wake up to the realization that steam is dead. You have almost completely been bypassing diesels much too long. If I were on your staff I would advocate giving more attention to diesels, especially the earlier ones. Why can't we have a diesel department comparable to Steve Maguire's *Transit Topics* and Mike Eagleson's *In Search of Steam*?" ●

ONE MAN'S OPINION. "The old common milk train seems to be going the way of the steam locomotive and the cigar-store Indian," says Wm. D. Combs, 1515 18th Ave. Dr., W., Bradenton, Fla. 33505. "It's one more victim of modern technology. Milk sales are declining. Millions of people use milk substitutes in their coffee." (*Note from editor Freeman Hubbard*: Is the milk train really on its way out? I doubt it. Who can tell us? The only milk I like is certified raw milk, with a lower bacteriological count than pasteurized milk. I buy it in a health food store.)

"I like your magazine for its railroad interest," writes Elliott Kahn, 58 Verbena St., Clearwater Beach, Fla. 33515. "I could do without the human angle, but that is my personal taste. One reader objected to your quoting: 'Son of a bitch, ya broke a coupling!' He is wrong. If you must insert the human angle, continue to use the language that is actually spoken. I do not believe you would deal with the railroad scene accurately by printing: 'Goodness gracious, man, you have broken a coupling!' "

"Hats off to Mike Eagleson for his January cover!" enthuses James E. Bogener, St. Charles, Mo. "It combines human and rail interest in a pleasing manner."

"*Railroad*, unfortunately, is becoming a tasteless magazine," laments Paul A. Thompson, Box 4097, Station A, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106. "Perhaps mass resignations in the editorial department would be in order. Never before have I seen such a flagrant disregard for safety by a rail periodical than

(*Continued on page* 10)

THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

HOW TED VERNON AVERAGES $20,000 WORKING 6 MONTHS A YEAR

NO COLLEGE! NO SELLING! NO EXPERIENCE!

When Ted Vernon* walked to a mailbox that day in his small home town, the things he wanted seemed far beyond his reach. Like lots more money, freedom from his dead-end job, independence and security, a new future.

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Yet, when Ted Vernon mailed his envelope, everything he dreamed of suddenly became possible. *It was the single most profitable act of his life.* Yet all he did was mail a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page.

Free book put Ted on road to big income

The coupon brought Ted the same fascinating Free Book you can have in just a few days. It's an eye opener! It tells the story of a world of opportunity all around you in the booming Accident Investigation field.

It was all new to Ted. He'd hardly even heard of Accident Investigation. Yet Ted Vernon felt he had found his perfect opportunity.

And he had! Soon Ted was forging ahead fast in his new exciting career. His first full year he made $14,768.72. Since then he's averaging $20,000 working about six months a year. The rest of the time he relaxes and takes it easy.

He learned secrets of success in 30 minutes

Ted skimmed through Universal's Free Book in 30 minutes and changed his life. He learned many money-making facts! But the three big points that headed Ted to his success are:

- Accident Investigation is a $19 billion dollar industry booming to new heights every year. It's safe from layoff, recessions and automation—accidents continue no matter what.
- More men are urgently needed to investigate some 22 million accidents each year.
- For more than 20 years, Universal's training-by-mail has been the path to success for thousands of men in this high-pay field.

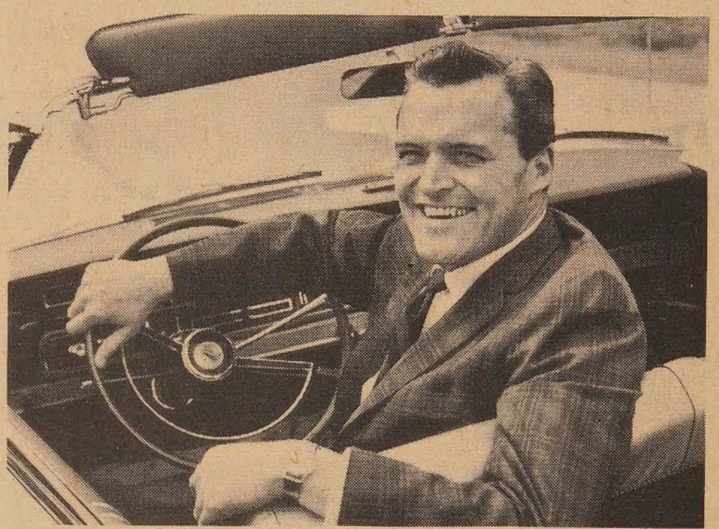
So there it was—the opportunity of a lifetime. Ted grabbed it—fast. He enrolled for Universal's by-mail training at the mere cost of cigarette money.

It was surprisingly easy. Ted simply studied his brief, interesting lessons at home in his spare time, at his own pace. He didn't risk a single paycheck because he kept right on with his old job until he could start making money quickly in Accident Investigation.

Ted Vernon's income is unusually high and not typical of the industry. He's a busy specialist in storm loss adjusting. But it does show the big potential in this great field even for men with no college and no experience. Read these reports from recent Universal students:

"My income has more than doubled."
—J. T. Woodruff of Louisiana.

"Thanks to you, I was contacted by 17 top companies."
—Donald Doris of Illinois.



"My income averages $1,200 to $2,000 a month."
—Ed Crouch of California.

"A raise every three months for the next two years, plus new car and expense account."
—Oscar Singletary of Georgia.

"My salary has increased by 63%."
—Marcel Roy, Canada.

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Mail coupon below to get your Free Book that started Ted Vernon to big-money success. Read about the exciting full time or part time opportunities. Stories of successful Universal students with names and locations; about Universal's Free Placement Service which places more men in the field than any other school. How to start your own full or part time business.

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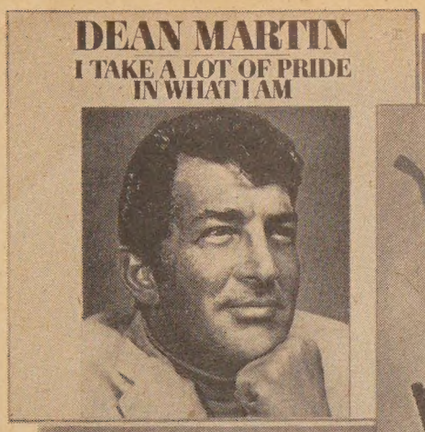

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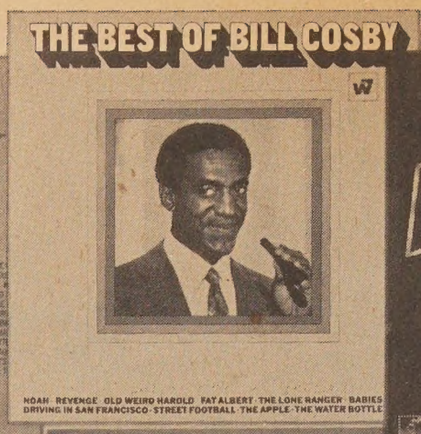
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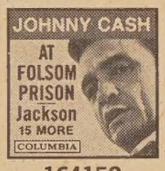

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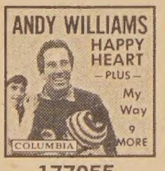

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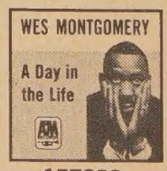

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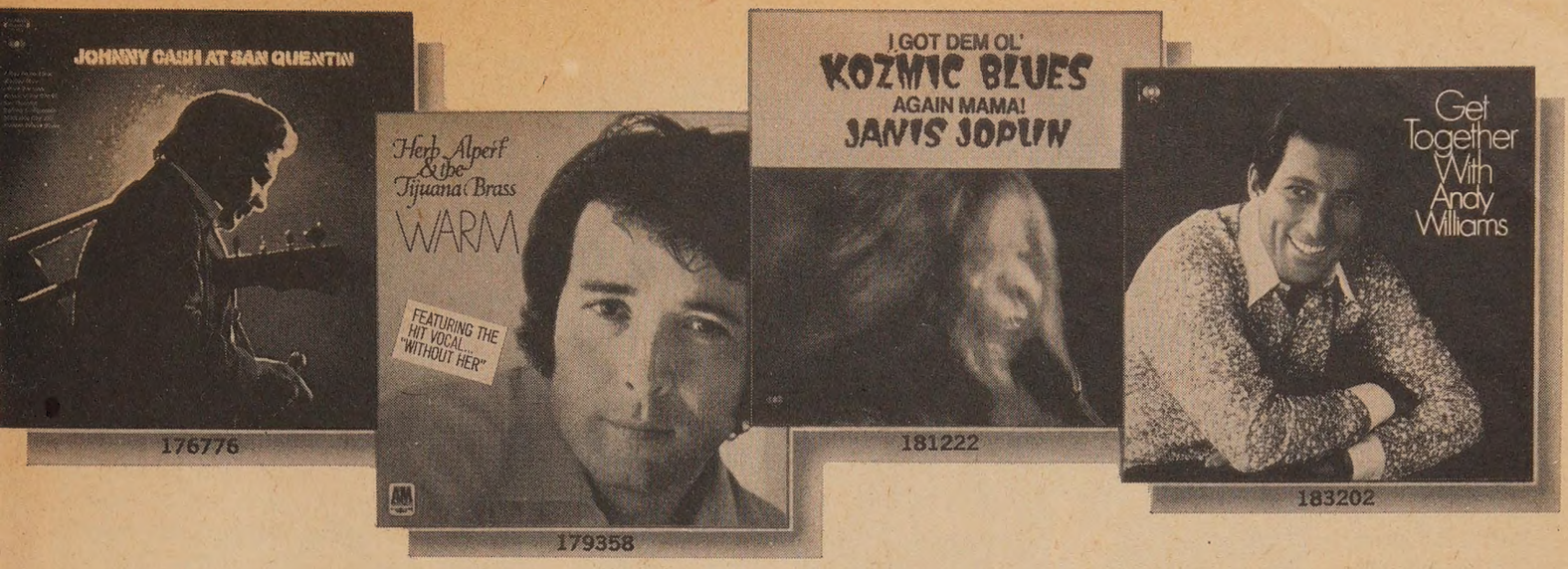

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172254

183608

175331

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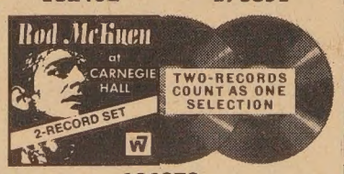

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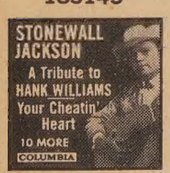

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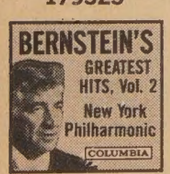

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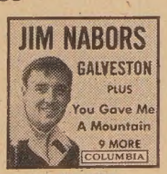

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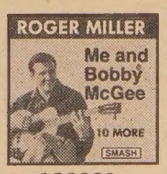

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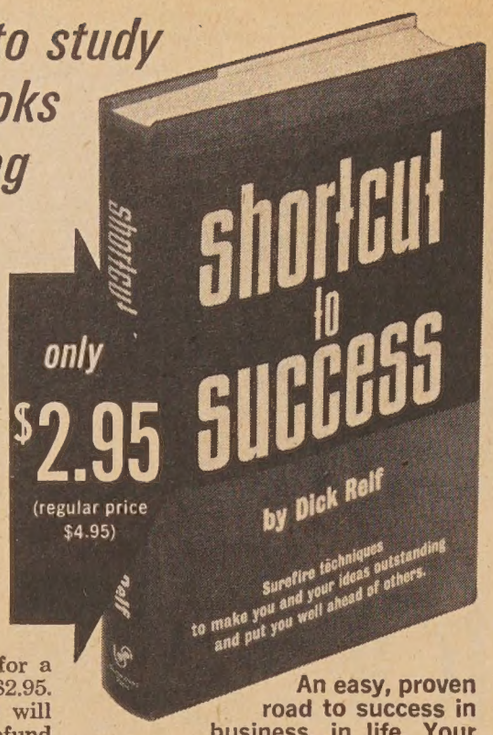
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your January cover. Your daring to publish a picture of a 'railfanette' stand-on a rail, and in high heels, in violation of a safety rule, is inexcusable."

"Your January cover is superb," states Earl W. Maier, Box 51, Oshtemo, Mich. 49077. "It has good composition and definition with meaning—to me, the two great loves of man. More photos of this quality would be appreciated."

Says Karl Moltrecht, 1304 Zollinger Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43221: "I am very much against girl pictures in *Railroad Magazine.*" ●

THE MAN who started the world's fastest freight train has a new honor. John S. Reed, president of the Santa Fe, was named Railroad Man of the year (1969) by a large panel of judges for *Modern Railroads* magazine. He was cited specifically for inauguration of the *Super C*, a high-speed freight train handling containers and trailers between Chicago and Los Angeles.

The panel honored Mr. Reed also for his role in developing the Santa Fe's locomotive simulator car for use in training new enginemen. In addition, he is credited with a major role in development of a radically new "co-axial train" by Santa Fe laboratories for high-speed container service on existing tracks.

Running a close second to Reed was W. Graham Claytor, Jr., president of the Southern Railway, who was cited for his concentrating "on railroading rather than diversification programs outside the rail industry."

The railroad event of the year, according to the panel, was the establishment of high-speed *Metroliner* passenger service between New York and Washington. Members of the panel include securities analysts, freight traffic managers, newspapermen, and college professors specializing in transportation subjects. ●

OUR December issued carried the "proverbial" letter from home, according to Stanley M. Doyle, retired justice of Montana Supreme Court, Helena, Mont., referring to a photo of a meet on the Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern at Urbana, Iowa.

"About 55 years ago," he recalls, "when I was a high school freshman, my father got me a job at Brandon, Iowa, as operator (both train and sub-station) and as janitor, waybill clerk, etc. O.S. Lamb, a former Rock Island conductor who had worked with my father, was then superintendent—hence my job. About 8 weeks after I began work, Dad visited Brandon to see how I was doing.

"The power line was 66,000 volts AC, coming into the sub-station across 3 transformers, an oil switch, a shunt motor, and out the trolley wire at 650 volts DC. Each 3 p.m. I had to re-agitate the electric lightning arresters in a cage north of the depot. I put a wooden handle on the rod that operated the 'make-break' contacts. The electricity shot across in a startling arc about 10 inches long and 2 inches in diameter, with a noise like an exploding shell. When I came out of the enclosure, Dad asked, 'How often do you do this?' I said, 'Every day.' That was on a Saturday afternoon when the sun was setting on the pastoral scene." ●

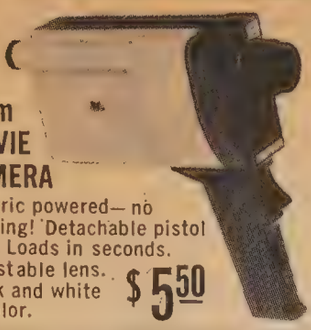
NEWS ITEMS. Our recent account of the Union Passenger Terminal in New Orleans leasing space to the Greyhound bus lines reminds Louis Morey, Box 19, Williamsburg, Mass. 01096, that a similar situation occurred in Springfield, Mass. "In the latter case," he writes, "Greyhound had to give up its own terminal because of a new interstate highway being built through downtown Springfield. The bus company leased space in the union railroad, which Penn Central and the New Haven Road use.

Jesse N. Parker, Jr., age 15, was found the other day in a sealed and refrigerated truck trailer on a Penn Central flatcar arriving at Buffalo, N.Y. and was taken to a hospital. The lad said that a gang of toughs jumped him in the Southern Pacific yards near his home in Corsicana, Texas, threw him into the trailer, and shipped him out.

A new Ohio law increasing the fines on railroads when trains needlessly block traffic has just gone into effect. Fines are raised from $20 to $500. Passed by the 108th General Assembly and signed by Gov. Rhodes, the law also provides for citation of railroad companies rather than crew men.

More than 7 billion ton-miles of traffic for American railroads. That's the total generated in one year by requirements of the aluminum industry, which utilizes rail transportation at every stage of domestic production. On the average, aluminum travels farther than iron and steel. In fact, aluminum products are hauled on the average almost three times as far as the average of total carload traffic. These statistics are cited in a recent issue of *Railroad Report*, a publication of The Aluminum Association's Transportation section.

"Get out of your car!" Patrolman Auld Jr. shouted over a bullhorn after



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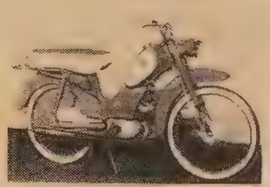

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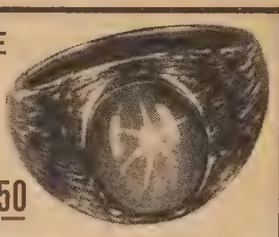

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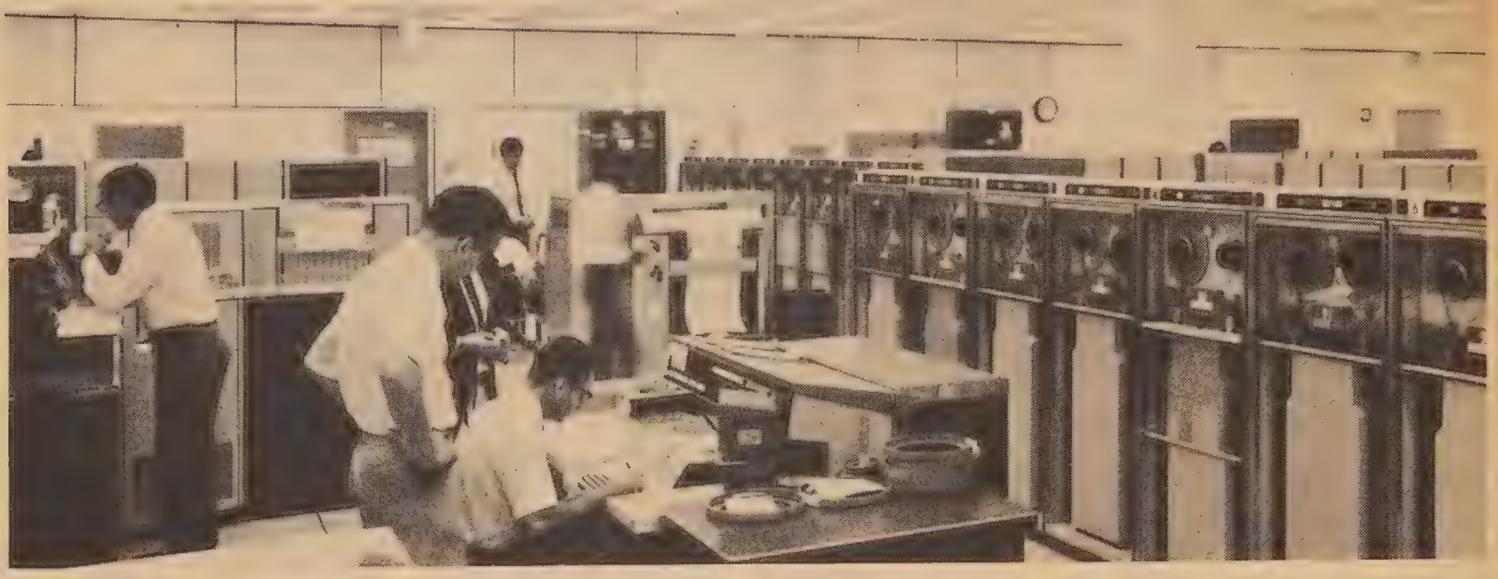

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Mrs. Edna R. Johnson's automobile stalled on the railroad tracks the other day. The lady jumped out quickly and ran over to give the patrolman a big hug—for good reason. A Southern Pacific commuter train demolished the car seconds after she jumped out!

OVERSEAS. Because Japan boasts the world's most highly developed railway system, tourists will find that trains offer the best way to see the varied countryside of this island country. The most popular train during the Expo '70 season, March 15th to Sept. 13th, will be the famous bullet train operated by the Japanese National Railways on the New Tokaido Line linking the international airport city of Tokyo to Osaka, the site of the 1970 World Exposition.

Equipment to build China's biggest aid project anywhere on earth has started arriving at the Indian ocean port of Dar es Salaam. The 1,000-mile railway linking land-locked Zambia with the sea will cost about 312 million dollars and take five years to complete.

India's new President, Venkatagiri V. Giri, is a labor man who won his spurs as a rail union pioneer. He is now in the center of a political storm that has rent the ruling Congress party. As a young lawyer, he helped found the Bengal-Napur Railway Union. Later he organized the nation-wide All-India Railwaymen's Federation and served that organization both as president and general secretary.

MIKE EAGLESON'S story on the Erie Berkshires (Dec. '69) drew these comments from Bert Pennypacker, 4307 Palmetto St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124:

"I found it very interesting, with excellent photos. Mike brought out some hitherto unpublished facts. However, his article contains a few minor errors. Newberry Jct. was misspelled. The place never had a turntable; all Erie, Reading, and New York Central engines were turned on a wye.

"Furthermore, most of the Erie Berkshires did not have Commonwealth Delta trailing trucks. They had fabricated trucks. Some newer ones had an earlier type of trailing-truck frame that appears to have been of the casting type but not Deltas. In later years, a few Berkshires got new Deltas, but only where renewals were needed. Photo at top of page 26 in your December issue shows one such replacement. The Berkshire with two boosters was used as a pusher on Gulf Summit hill in an effort to replace the triplex Mallets which were retired at about that time.

"I don't think Mike did too well in his mechanical explanations and theory behind the development of these engines. Much good research material was available in *Trains* magazine and in my own book, *Eastern Steam Pictorial*. Finally, his article was purely factual, with practically no human interest such as *Railroad* usually insists upon."

BOB EMERICK, a Jersey Central employee, living at 200 South Terr., Boonton, N.J. 07005, writes:

"In the morning of January 8th I received a call from a man who told me that our North Branch, N.J., station was on fire. Being at Raritan, I was only a short distance away. After notifying the dispatcher and the super's Office, I raced off to the scene.

"As I arrived, I saw the elegant old building ablaze, with the western portion afire. Within minutes, the whole structure was enveloped in flame, destroying what I think was one of the CNJ's prettiest stations. The depot itself is built partially on a bridge and was of wood and stone construction. The North Branch Post Office, located also in the building, was a total loss.

"One of our railfan friends, Bill Strassner, also a Jersey Central employee, lived in the station's upper floor. During his residence there he spent quite a bit of time attempting to restore the agent's office to its regal splendor and was doing a fine job. Bill, the postal employee, and Bill's cat fortunately got out unhurt.

"Service on the Jersey Central west of Raritan was delayed until maintenance of way and signal crews made temporary repairs and cleared the debris that had fallen to the tracks. Firemen from three different townships fought to contain the blaze, but the high winds, combined with a lack of water, made this task impossible. Thus passed into limbo another fine landmark."

A RULEBOOK of 1855 gives the following regulations to be strictly enforced: "Rule 12. Every person is to come on duty daily clean in his person, shaved and his shoes blacked."

"Rule 26. It is requested that every person, whether on or off duty, shall conduct himself in a steady, sober, honest and creditable manner, and that on Sundays and other holy days he will attend a place of worship, as it will be the means of promotion when vacancies occur."

"Rule 266. Any person talking, shouting, hooting, or making an unnecessary or unpleasant noise, or unseemly or unsightly actions, whether by hand, mouth or otherwise, shall be fined.'

"Rule 54. The Company's servants shall not allow any person to stand in any of the carriages (passenger coaches), but must compel them to sit upon the seats or floors. Should they refuse to comply, they must be removed from the train at the first station, and given into the charge of the Company's police."

"Rule 161. Not any employee of the Company is to use any red or pink apparel, as it might cause enginemen and others to think it was a danger signal."

"Rule 263. Any person annoying another will be fined."

These rules are taken from *The Steel Highway*, by Cecil J. Allen. They certainly conflict with all the boomer tales we've heard, and we are wondering how many of the company's "servants" followed them.

LITTLE JIMMY was playing with his toy trains in the back yard after a trip to the railroad yard: "Back up here, you lousy son of a bitch! . . . I'll back up when I damn please, you cockeyed—"

Mother (in horrified voice): "Jimmy Jones, what did I hear you say?"

Jimmy: "Aw, go sit on a tack! Who's running this damn engine anyway?"

Bob Emerick photographed fire at North Branch depot. (See details in his letter.)

PHOTOGRAPHS of the MONTH

We hope that the readers who like diesel shots will enjoy this one of an eastbound Western Pacific freight train rolling through Hearst, California, with 926-A (middle of page), one of the vanishing breed of F3's. Virgil C. Staff made this photograph last fall. We don't know who the girl is—probably someone on her way to or from a nearby beach.

Tree-covered hills grace the placid Hudson near West Point, N.Y., as a New York Central freight train heads over a causeway for points north.
Photograph by Elmer Treloar

Courtesy of the "Locomotive Engineer"

Karen Esslinger, daughter of Union Pacific engineer A. E. Esslinger, Las Vegas, Nev., was named College Queen of the Year by the National Interfraternity Awards Committee. Her father operates a locomotive on a freight run between Las Vegas and Yermo, California, 171 miles.

Dwarfed by a rugged Kentucky cliff, Clinchfield engine No. 812 approaches a tunnel one mile east of Elkhorn City.

Elmer Treloar, 101 California Ave., Highland Park, Mich. 48203

Caboose hop: Colorado & Southern 2-8-0 No. 641 picks up hack at Leadville, Colo.; train will later head to Climax.
Bob Trennart, 944 E. Johnson St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

Back in the halcyon days when the Pennsylvania was known as "The Standard Railroad of the World," life was quieter and the skirts lower. Man at extreme right in the inspection car appears to be W. W. Atterbury, later president of the road.
From the collection of Harry P. Albrecht, 40 Wilton Ave., Clifton Heights, Pa. 19108

A Lehigh Valley depot in Ithaca, N.Y., converted to a restaurant, "The Station" has become something of a local landmark. Popular among diners, it recently expanded by buying three passenger coaches, a yard engine, and a caboose, making it the first eating place we know of that owns rolling stock. Owner Joseph Ciaschi emphasizes authenticity in the interior fittings.

Railroaders Feel at Home Here

Unusual wall menu is viewed through an antique screen. You order meals by punching your selections on tickets.

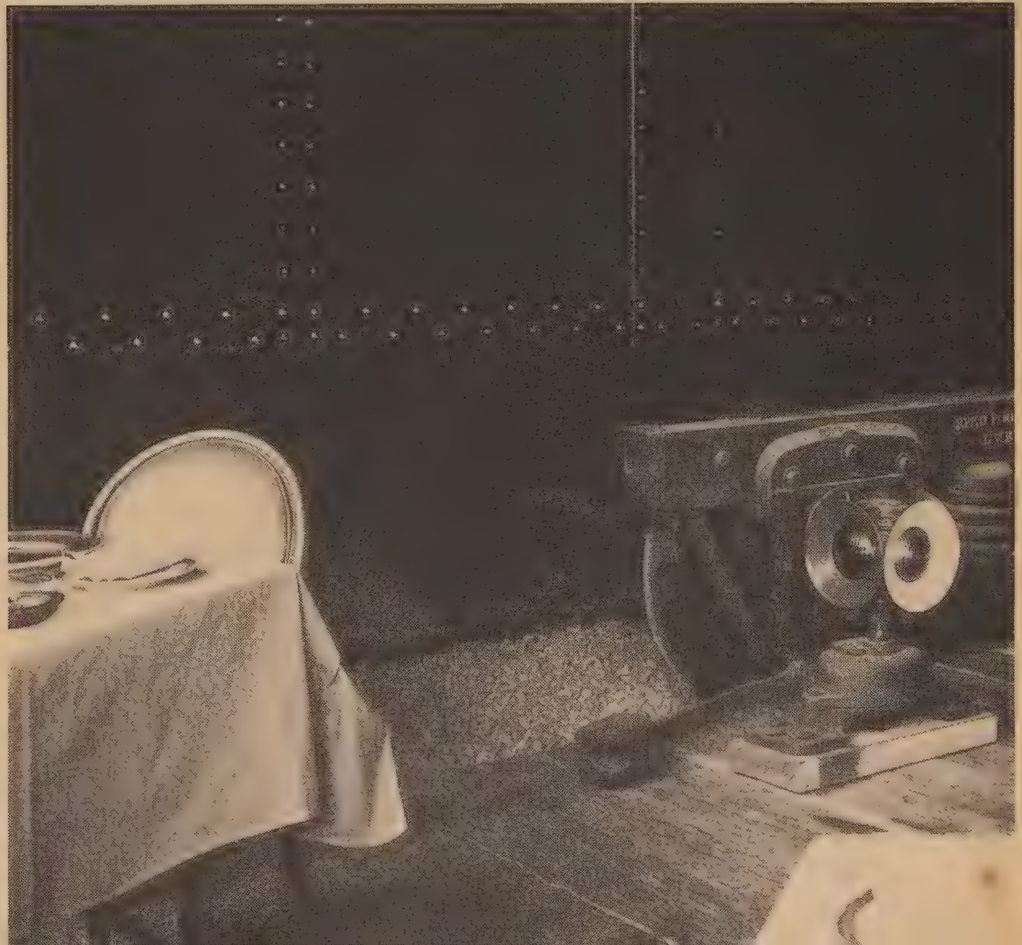
Lehigh Valley RR. tools and photos decorate the enclosed sta- platform, now a dining area. Ithaca depot dates from 1870.

Steps lead to "Big Red," which is completely refurbished inside; car once carried fans to Cornell U. football games.

On the platform, diners can see the undercarriage of "Big Red," named in honor of nearby Cornell University. Car cost $4,000 to buy; $25,000 to redecorate.

Like being back in 1910: plush interior of former Boston & Maine coach is used as cocktail lounge.

All six photos by C. Hadley Smith



RUTLAND STEAM POWER

by BERT PENNYPACKER

(Top photo) Time freight 120 leaves Rutland, Vt., with unusual doubleheader consisting of a 4-6-0 and a 4-8-2, headed for Bellows Falls, Vt., and beginning the 16-mile climb over Green Mountains on a steady one percent grade that crests at Mount Holly. (Lower photo) Switcher 105, trimmed in white paint, is mighty neat.

NEARLY two decades have passed since the exciting drama of steam locomotive exhausts and whistles echoed across the scenic Green Mountains of Vermont and the placid blue waters of Lake Champlain as trains of the old Rutland Road puffed noisily up and down the line.

We especially recall doubleheaders barking in tandem crescendo as they worked southbound time freight 120 out of the yards at Rutland, Vt., and up the 16-mile hill to crest the Green Mountain barrier at Mount Holly. The train's regular hog would usually be either a Mikado or a Mountain type of the United States Railroad Administration, but the helper was anything available, even an ancient Ten-wheeler.

Edging out of the yards onto the steady one percent grade, the men in

Both photographs by Bert Pennypacker, 4307 Palmetto St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124

the cabs felt the train's great tug against gravity from behind, while sand flowed under slipping drivers to arrest occasional wild spins.

The consist moved majestically across the towering Cuttingsville trestle, with Mill River far below. It snaked around seemingly endless curves. Hoggers leaned far out of cab windows to get a better look ahead, while ashcats worked on firing decks that weaved and creaked beneath their feet.

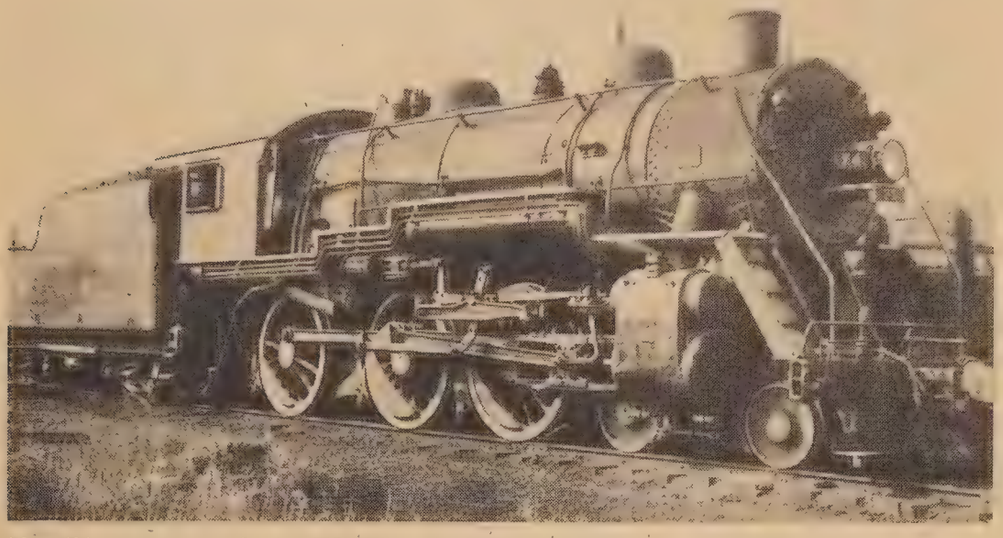
Nearing the summit, men and machines appeared to be fatigued by the tremendous exertion as the exhausts grew deep, slow and deliberate, reminding you of the moody beat of a Wagnerian symphony. And then it was all over. Mount Holly slipped by, and the crews relaxed as train 120 drifted easily downgrade to Bellows Falls and connections with the Boston & Maine.

Today, the one-time site of the passenger station at Rutland is occupied by a shopping center and parking lot. Little, if anything, remains as a reminder of the *Green Mountain Flyer* and *Mount Royal* limiteds that once ran through here, connecting New York and Boston with Montreal. Old-timers who remember the trains and the handsome steam power that pulled them say that it all bears mute evidence to the fact that, in today's hectic world, people would rather jam themselves into automobiles and jet planes than relax and enjoy the scenery from trains.

Each afternoon, the arrival and departure of north- and southbound *Flyers* were social events around the rambling brick depot with its enclosed trainshed. The structure, painted white in the typical New England tradition of neatness, stood between bustling street activity on one side and just as busy rail maneuverings on the other. Mail, newspaper, and Railway Express trucks, as well as taxicabs and private autos, vied with each other for prime positions while the ordinary pedestrian tread a somewhat jittery path.

But the railroad operation proved of greatest interest. Here, the Boston and New York sections were combined and many head-end cars were switched out for forwarding by locals. Running as B&M train 5505 to Bellows Falls and as Rutland Railroad 165 from there on, a B&M P3a Pacific often handled the Boston section right through to Rutland. This operation helped to bal-

Alco Mountain types 90-93 were bought in 1946; they lasted only 7 years.
All photos on this page by Bert Pennypacker



No. 74 was one of six F2j ten-wheelers owned by the Rutland in its prime.

This USRA 0-8-0, No. 110, kicked cars around the Rutland yards for many years.

Alco built No. 107 for the Clarendon & Pittsford in 1924. The Rutland bought her for only $500 in 1946; she switched in Burlington yards seven years.

ance the mileage, since Rutland Pacifics and Mountains used B&M tracks between Troy and White Creek, N.Y., in handling the New York section which came up the Hudson River valley via New York Central.

Later in the afternoon, when the southbound *Flyer* wheeled into Rutland, the procedure was, of course, reversed. The B&M occasionally sent out a high-drivered J1e Atlantic on the Boston section. Rutland men hated to see one of them show up. An old-timer recalls that these 4-4-2's were too light and slippery for the grade over Mount Holly.

"I'd always lose time and arrive late," he explains: "Sometimes the speed dropped off and we began slipping the drivers so badly that I expected us to stall at any moment, but luck held out and we usually made it."

Running north of Rutland, the combined *Flyer* went right on through to Montreal with the Rutland engine, using the Canadian National rails north of Rouses Point.

A freak accident occurred August 6, 1949, when the southbound *Flyer* wheeled through St. John, Que., over the Canadian National. A careless CNR switching crew had left a wooden caboose and gondola car out on the main track without flag protection. Rutland Pacific No. 85 came highballing along. Even though her hogger slammed on the emergency brakes, it was too late to avoid disaster. The engine smashed the wooden hack into kindling wood and somehow managed to land inside the steel gondola car! Fortunately, there were no injuries, but the engine crew reported that the scare must have taken ten years off their lives.

Due to a unique combination of factors, the old Rutland Road enjoyed an endearment by railfans to an extent that few railroads ever had. Its fascinating personality traits resembled those of a Jekyll and Hyde. On one hand, it represented a 400-mile shortline with cinder ballasted single track and no block signals of any kind, and with a rustic, homespun atmosphere of old New England, plus some of the world's most beautiful scenery. The other side of Rutland was big time; through passenger service with Pullmans and air-conditioned coaches, a fast freight bridge line to and from Canada, and a 50 mph mainline.

Rutland's steam roster totaled about 50 locomotives, most of which dated from the World War 1 period or earlier. The road couldn't afford fancy

gimmicks, experimentals, or custom designs. For the most part, its superb power bore the design trademarks of New York Central and Alco standards. In fact, between the years 1905-'13, when the Central took over the Rutland, the little road's power carried NYC numbers while the Central's classes persisted to the end of steam in 1952. For many years, the bulk of the heavy mainline work moved behind relatively few engines, including USRA Mikados 32-37 (Alco 1918) and Pacifics 80-85 (Alco 1925 and '29).

But the ancient Consolidations and Ten-wheelers also showed up regularly on top runs as well as on the locals, milk trains, and way freights such as the "Tin Can" (local nickname for the Rutland-to-Burlington, Vt., run). The varied usage of older power is exemplified by a rather unusual occurrence back in 1939, when a fast new through freight, *The Whippet*, began running. For its motive power, Rutland's shops rejuvenated and decorated a 26-year-old Alco 2-8-0 with the slanted, piston-valve cylinders. No. 28 even got wide, streamstyled skirting, silver trim, and the train name on her tender.

Perhaps such an aged engine seemed unlikely for such an assignment as late as 1939, but she likewise proved the excellence of Rutland care and maintenance. Of course, the little road didn't have the money for a big splash, and it did as well as it could with what it had.

"Yes, sir, those old Rutland mills ran like fine watches and I wish some of our older power on the Pennsy had run as well," muses Joe Manning, a retired PRR shop foreman who enjoyed many summer vacations at his cabin up near the shores of Lake Champlain and the Rutland line.

"I spent many warm evenings sitting on the porch and listening to the distant exhausts," he tells us. "You might not believe this, but after a while I could tell, just from the sounds, the type of engine and even differences in running techniques between various

Photograph by Bill Rohde

A sight that has passed away forever: Old-style highball signal at Bellows Falls, Vt. Engine No. 100 is shown backing off after coupling Boston & Maine coaches onto the famous *Green Mountain Flyer*, which linked New York with Montreal.

engineers. I'd liked to have had several of those Rutland machinists in my Pennsy shop, because they always had the valves set and squared up perfectly.

"Most of the runners seemed to handle their engines well, but the real tip-off in exhaust sounds came when they hit a slight rise in gradient just south of my cabin. Each engineer hit that little grade differently. For example, one would know exactly where it was and would open up for it. Another wouldn't open up until he felt the slight drag in speed, while a third took care of everything in advance by thundering into it."

The pride and joy of the road—the zenith of its motive power development—were the 4-8-2's numbered 90-93, built by Alco in 1946. They were the last all-new Mountain types outshopped for domestic use, although the Baltimore & Ohio continued to produce its 4-8-2 rebuilds (from 2-8-2's) in class T3c until 1948.

Due to Rutland's easy-going grades (except for the climb over Mount Holly) and its light bridge loadings, as well as CNR weight limits, the 4-8-2's were somewhat smaller than most of their contemporaries. Even so, they were strictly modern in all details. Dubbed as dual-service power, they were handsome in green livery and ran smoothly and gracefully.

As the first new steam power on the road in 17 long years, the 4-8-2's were understandably welcomed by engine crews. They often ran straight through without change between Troy and Montreal. Their 73-inch disc drivers not only afforded good speed but represented the largest ever used by the road, duplicating the driver size of but three other locomotives, Pacifics 83-85. Hoggers soon found that the shiny new green 4-8-2's had greater horsepower than anything they had ever run. Some took advantage of it by making unexpectedly good time over the road.

One night a new 4-8-2 came barreling south from Burlington with a long string of hotshot merchandise cars from the Central Vermont connection. Figuring her expected running time, the dispatcher at Rutland had given her a meet order with the *Mount Royal* at the Middlebury passing siding. But the agent-operator at Middlebury became alarmed at the unexpected appearance of a bright headlight up the track when nothing was due for more than 20 minutes. He thought the DS had overlooked a train. Even though his order board displayed *stop,* he rushed madly out the door, swinging wild washout signals.

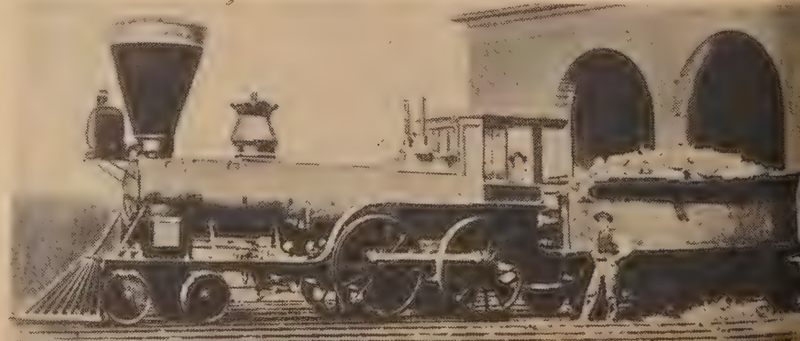
This, in turn, startled the runner and he "wiped the clock." The con-

Rutland's No. 33, a sturdy Mikado type, is ready to move off the turntable.

Richard J. Costello, Rutland, Vt.

Rutland's No. 28, built in 1913, shows off her handsome livery.

Woodburner *Deer* was owned by a predecessor of the Rutland.



fused operator soon discovered his silly error, but when confronted with the angry hogger, he likewise became enraged. He said the stupid so-and-so of a hogger didn't appreciate his efforts at practicing safety first above all else. What the operator told us later went something like this:

"What are you doing here?" queried the surprised operator.

"I'm supposed to be here," retorted the engineer, waving his train order under the op's nose. "And why in hell did you make me big-hole her? I could have wrecked the train and now I'll probably have a lot of sticking brakes when I get rolling again. You lame-brained brass pounders are always tying up the railroad!"

Up in Vermont, heavy winter snows present monumental operating problems. This is why the Rutland passenger station had an enclosed trainshed, typical of important stations in New England. Out on the road, huge snowdrifts often reached the height of cab windows, and plows got priority over all trains. Our friend, Joe Manning, the retired Pennsy shop foreman, recalls an almost incredible experience that befell a Rutland engineer in a raging blizzard.

"He had a 4-6-0 plowing out the line," says Joe, "or at least trying to keep one jump ahead of the drifting snow on a dark night with visibility practically zero. Drivers were slipping. The engineer figured his sanding pipes were clogged because sand apparently failed to reach the rails. So he stopped, grabbed a hammer, and vanished down the cab steps. Well, it happened that the hog had stopped on a bridge, but because of the darkness and swirling snow

The *Green Moutain Flyer* was the best-known passenger train to operate on Rutland trackage. It is shown here, headed by handsome No. 31, at a siding in East Wallingford station before going south to Bellows Falls.

By H.W. Pontin, 125 Kennedy Memorial Dr., Waterville, Maine 04901

Right on time, northbound *Green Mountain Flyer* rolls into Rutland station.

Photograph by Bert Pennypacker

The old and the new power meet at Middlebury passing track in 1951. The engineer of a northbound 2-8-0, No. 26, oils around her as the new Alco road-switcher coasts by.

Photographed by Bert Pennypacker

the engineer failed to notice that fact.

"Most Rutland bridges consisted of steel girder spans resting upon stone and masonry footings. The single track ran across the very top with no walkways or railings at either side. So this engineer went down the gangway. Too late he realized what he had done. His hands slipped off the icy handrails and he fell 20 feet, landing in a soft, cushioning snowbank! He finally got back up and climbed over the tender to reach the cab, looking like a walking snowman. The surprised fireman asked 'Where were you?'

" 'Never mind where I was,' said the shivering hogger. 'Open up those firedoors so I can dry out.' "

Referring once again to the purchase of new locomotives in 1946, the 4-8-2's weren't all the power that the Rutland acquired. Proving that the road still subscribed to steam all the way, even in the face of the impending diesel era, an 0-6-0 switcher also came—second-hand, from the neighboring Clarendon & Pittsford. The C&P had no further use for its 9-spot because of dieselization and sold her to the Rutland for a mere $500. She was a heavy, modern goat built by Alco in 1924, and became No. 107. As the yard switcher at Burlington, she held sway for seven years until diesels took over.

Steam is still preserved on former Rutland tracks. Green Mountain Railroad excursion trains operate a 13-mile stretch between Riverside and Chester Depot, Vermont. Engine No. 1246, built in 1946, once belonged to the Canadian Pacific.

Photograph by Edwill H. Brown

The diesel break finally overtook the Rutland in 1950, when the road bought one Alco 1600-hp road-switcher. By 1953, a roster of 16 diesel units had taken full command and Rutland steam was dead. Toward the end of the steam era, passenger and milk business continued suffering great losses in volume. As a result, Ten-wheelers often could be seen pulling through trains.

The Rutland had a long life and a slow death. Dieselization brought on a strike, after which all passenger service ended. Ten years later, following two more strikes, the road was abandoned, but was operated by the State of Vermont.

F. Stewart Graham, the retired business manager of a one-time Rutland milk shipper at Bennington, claims that

Photograph by Bill Rohde

Old-fashioned coal tower juts into the sky as hoppers load up at Rutland, Vt. The engine, No. 101, was built in 1907.

Rutland Steam Roster (1946)

Nos.	Class	Type	Tract Effort	Built
14-17	G34b	2-8-0	39,960	Alco 1910
18-21	G34a	2-8-0	39,960	Alco 1907
24-25	G34c	2-8-0	39,960	Alco 1911
26-31	G34d	2-8-0	39,960	Alco 1913
32-37*	H6a	2-8-2	54,720	Alco 1918
40-45	F12a	4-6-0	25,620	Alco 1902
48-49				
50-57	F11a	4-6-0	30,940	Alco 1902
70-73	F2k	4-6-0	32,430	Alco 1910
74-79	F2j	4-6-0	32,430	Alco 1912
80-82	K1	4-6-2	42,100	Alco 1925
83-85	K2	4-6-2	43,800	Alco 1929
90-93	L1	4-8-2	54,300	Alco 1946
100-101	B2a	0-6-0	28,160	Alco 1907
102-104	B9	0-6-0	23,330	Alco 1902
105	B2b	0-6-0	28,160	Alco 1913
106	B2c	0-6-0	31,200	Alco 1914
107**	B3	0-6-0	?	Alco 1924
109-110*	U3	0-8-0	51,040	Alco 1918
144	E1d	2-6-0	31,730	Alco 1900

* USRA standard design Nos. 109,110 were originally assigned to the New York Central at Buffalo, N.Y.

** No. 107 was bought from Clarendon & Pittsford 3/29/46, ex-C&P 9.

Rutland loco No. 72 clears Lake Champlain bridge at Rouses Point, N.Y., as Central Vermont freight (left) waits. This photo comes from Shaughnessy's book, *The Rutland Road*, which is currently a best-seller in the railroad field.
Jim Shaughnessy, 479 8th Ave., Troy, N.Y.

the greed of striking employees killed a railroad that should still be in operation today. But the workers have their side as well, so it's an open argument. Maybe a compromise was needed.

Eventually, two portions of the former Rutland became independent shortlines, which they are today. The Vermont Railway extends 124 miles from White Creek, N.Y., and Bennington, Vt., to Rutland and Burlington. The Green Mountain Railroad links Bellows Falls with Rutland on a 52.2-mile route over Mount Holly grade.

The Green Mountain starts near Steamtown USA museum enterprise founded by the late F. Nelson Blount. Today, his widow, Ruth P. Blount, is the road's president, being one of the very few women in railroad history to hold such a position. Steam power occasionally still pounds over this portion of the old Rutland. The *Official Guide* listing states "Steam passenger and freight service," although diesels often do the honors as well.

The Green Mountain's active steam power includes three engines. No. 15 is a 2-8-0 (Baldwin, 1913). She came from the Rahway Valley Railroad, but is reported to be originally from the extinct Lehigh & New England. Mogul No. 89 is a former Canadian National hog built in 1910, while the 1246 is one of those good-looking Canadian Pacific 4-6-2's built in 1946.

Getting back to the old Rutland, it was just one of five competing routes for through freight in the area, and its share was pitifully small. Steam power deserves a lot of credit for the operation of the road in its high noon. ●

Collection of Harold K. Vollrath, 8938 Maple Dr., Shawnee-Mission, Kan., 66207
Consolidation No. 26 (Alco, 1913) streaks out of Middlebury, Vt., with northbound milk local in August, 1951.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

Erie Lackawanna's *Phoebe Snow*, the day before her last run in November, 1966.
Bob Yanosey, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J.

CONGRESS must decide on ways and means of improving U.S. rail passenger service. Half a dozen such bills are now in the hopper, awaiting action. You might sum them up by citing one sponsored by the Senate Commerce Committee. This proposal, geared to cost the taxpayers up to $445 million during the next four years, would provide funds for new equipment, subsidies for money-losing operations, and an office within the Department of Transportation to manage basic passenger services—i.e., a semi-nationalization.

Obviously, since the industry can't or won't solve their own passenger problems, Uncle Sam must step in and try to do it for them, footing the bills. America alone, of all the countries on the globe, continues to fight shy of nationalizing its railroads.

Mowing them down like the proverbial Old Man With a Scythe, the railroads continue to eliminate passenger runs. Effective January 5th, for example the Santa Fe no longer operates trains 1 and 2, *The San Francisco Chief*, into San Francisco. At the same time it dropped trains 23 and 24, the old *Grand Canyon*. This leaves only 1 and 2 on the southern route via Amarillo and 17 and 18, the often-combined *Super Chief* and *El Capitan*, on the northern route over Raton Pass.

Toll a dirge for *The Lake Cities*, the Erie Lackawanna's last long-distance passenger train, which made its final run January 6th between Chicago and Hoboken. Demise of this train marked the end of 80 years of rail passenger service between the two points. The road's most famous train to bite the dust was the *Phoebe Snow* some time ago.

However, the ICC is cracking down on some of the bids to cut passenger service. Penn Central's *James Whitcomb Riley* between Chicago and Cincinnati must keep running for another year.

Trains 3 and 4 on the Burlington (the *Ak-Sar-Ben Zephyr*) were ordered by the ICC to keep operating between Chirago and Lincoln, Neb., for another eight months. The carrier was hit for downgrading service on the trains.

Under a court restraining order, the Penn Central must keep its *Admiral* and *Fort Pitt* trains in operation despite an ICC order permitting their discontinuance. The *Admiral* runs between Chicago and New York, the *Fort Pitt* between Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Continuation of Illinois Central trains 3 and 4 between Chicago and Memphis, Tenn., was ordered by the ICC for four months, pending an investigaion.

A similar continuation for four months was ordered in the case of trains 85 and 86 on the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac, and the Seaboard, between Washington, D. C., and Jacksonville, Fla.; also for Burlington trains 51 and 52 between Chicago and Minneapolis.

Time magazine comments:

"Unlike airlines, which promise to make the going great, and bus lines, which urge travelers to leave the driving to them, U.S. railroads have increasingly been able to fend off passengers with shrinking schedules and slovenly service. Now both the public and the Government are fighting back.

"The Justice Department decided that the abrupt cancellation of an Omaha-to-Billings, Mont., train last summer at remote Hemingford, Neb., was outrageous enough to file criminal charges against two Burlington Lines executives. When an expiring court injunction permitted abandonment of the service, they had the train flagged down in mid-run, stranding several irate passengers. The executives were accused of failing to provide service for tickets previously sold; if convicted, they would face fines of up to $5,000.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission refused to allow the Louisville & Nashville to scrap the only remaining train between St. Louis and Atlanta. If patronage was poor, the ICC said, it was due "in no small measure to a marked deterioration in service." Neither food nor beverage vending machines, noted the indignant commission, were provided on the 609-mile run. . .

"There were 1,400 intercity passenger trains in 1958; now there are only 488. Every road in the U.S. is out to emulate the half a dozen carriers, from the Boston & Maine to the Frisco, that have succeeded in eliminating passenger business entirely. President Louis W. Menk of Northern Pacific might have been speaking for the industry when he told a House committee: "I make no mistake about it. I want out. . .

"Penn Central has walled up the main entrance of its Detroit terminal and removed the baggage lockers inside. A sign in a Union Pacific train advises passengers that 'on days livestock is to be carried, Train 82 runs about a half-hour later than the schedule shows.'

"The Southern Pacific, the nation's most profitable railroad, has employed classic tactics to depopularize the once elegant Los Angeles-to-New Orleans *Sunset*. Phone calls for departure and arrival information go unanswered, and printed schedules are hard to find. Anyone venturesome enough to get aboard can expect 44 hours in a coach seat (no sleepers) and meals from a bank of vending machines."

If you are in Ottawa and want to board a train, don't go to the old Union Station. It has been turned into a superb conference chamber for provinicial and national government officials, but it still looks like a railway depot. At his first meeting in the revamped "cathedral," Prime Minister Trudeau looked around and said he was tempted to call out, "All aboard!" The big pillars are still there, and so are the wide doors that

used to lead to loading platforms. Above them is the old railway clock.

A dozen railway depots in Nova Scotia have been closed down over the past three years by authority of the Canada Transport Commission. The trend continues with a further nine applications still to be considered.

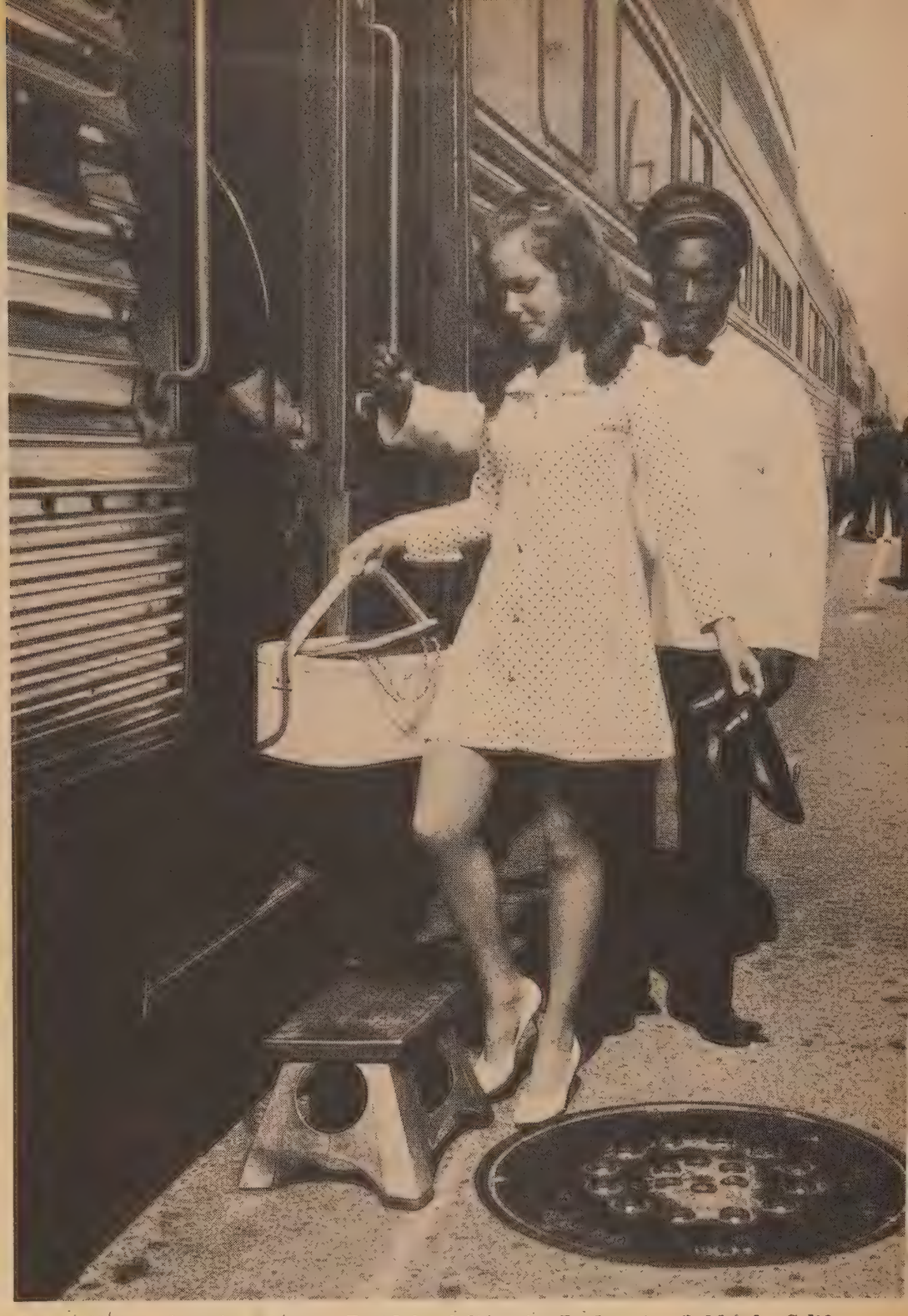
"Not many years ago," the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* editorializes, "the station was a center of the community. Train time was an occasion which attracted young and old. The bulk of travel was by rail and most of the counry's freight, express and mail was moved by that service. Then came trucks, buses, private cars, and aircraft. The role of the railway changed swiftly and drastically. Lines were abandoned, services were cut back and, inevitably, stations were closed."

Penn Central has expanded its capacity for handling public telephone inquiries about passenger service throughout its busy Eastern and New England territories, and the new system is in the process of further expansion, announces Howard C. Kohout, vice president-passenger service. Automatic devices to give callers current information on passenger trains are already in effect at many Penn Central statiins.

According to Ralph Nader, outspoken crusader for a decent way of life, railroading "is the only industry I know of where a company has made toilet maintenance part of its cost-cutting program." In an angry demand for Government action, Nader charges: "The railroads have tried to make toilets so dirty that people just won't use them. That is just part of the total effort to drive passengers away."

Protesting against the "repulsive corporate practice" of dumping an estimated 200 million pounds of human excrement along the tracks each year, he wrote to Robert H. Finch Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Nader's view is that the practice of flushing passenger and employe waste onto the tracks "must be considered the most blatantly outrageous corporate pollution that your departmental regulations permit to continue unabated."

Nader urged Secretary Finch to start proceedings to prohibit the practice by revising the applicable regulations. He based his charges in part on a study made by Monogram Industries, a producer of waste disposal equipment. The study was made with the knowledge and technical assistance of the Public Health Services but, Nader said, no government agency has made the results public.



Cathy Nelson boards Western Pacific's *California Zephyr* in Oakland, Calif.
Virgil C. Staff, Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94707

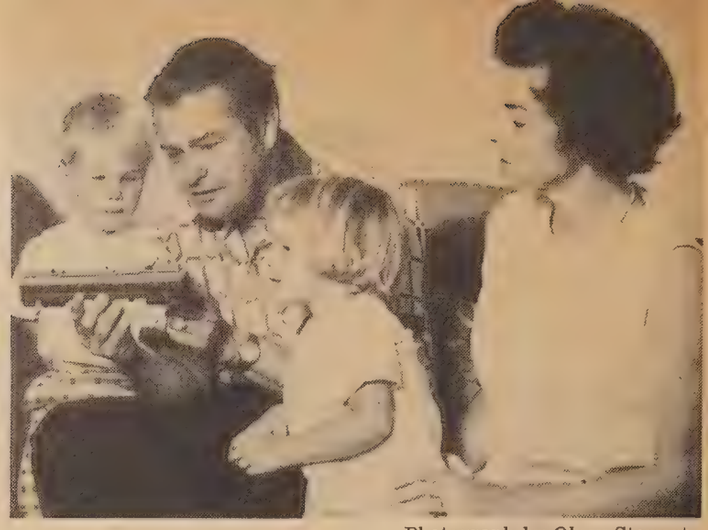
"Your monthly *Passenger Train Survey* is very good," comments Felix E. Reifschneider, P.O. Box 88, Fairton, N.J. 08320, "but some of its entries are misleading. For example: Despite the excellent service given by the nationalized French Railroads, they lose a large sum of money every year, and the deficit is made up by the Government, i.e., the taxpayers. The French have abandoned most of their branch lines and some secondary main lines, concentrating on the main trunk lines. Our own railroads would do better financially, too, if they were permitted to use this latter idea.

"NARP's Anthony Haswell can call the *California Zephyr* 'a priceless national asset.' My rejoinder is: Yes, but the Western Pacific and other railroads are footing the bill. The sad fact is that even when passenger trains are filled to capacity, they can't pay expenses, due partly to high labor costs."

Interesting Railfans No. 88

SPENCER CRUMP

by Freeman Hubbard



Photograph by Olney Stewart

Spencer Crump derives much happiness from his family. We see him examining a Pacific Electric model with his son, John; his daughter, Victoria Elizabeth Margaret, and his wife, the former Miss Mary Dalgarno.

VERY FEW railfans have written *and published* hard-cover books. Spencer Crump is almost in a class by himself, having written seven different titles and published and distributed them under the trade name of Trans-Anglo Books. Besides that, he has put out various books by other authors. His first volume, *Ride the Big Red Cars,* which tells the story of the Pacific Electric, is closely identified with his own boyhood.

Born in San Jose, Calif., Spence was the son of a grocery store keeper who later became a dentist. His mother, Mrs. Jessie Person Crump, was the only railroader in the family. In the 1920's she sold tickets at San Jose for the long-since-vanished Peninsular Railroad.

"My parents were divorced when I was small," Spence recalls, "and my father was too busy doing other things to spend much time with me. Now that I have grown up and get considerable pleasure from my own children, I think he must have missed a lot of fun. We lived near a Southern Pacific depot. My grandparents, John and Margaret Person, often took me there to watch the trains come and go, flaunting their beautiful smoke plumes. Just to look at them as a young boy and occasionally ride them was thrilling."

Later, the family moved to Southern California. Our hero's mother and his grandparents took him to various points in the Pacific Electric's big red interurban cars. They couldn't afford to buy an automobile, but PE "Sunday passes" good for unlimited riding cost a dollar a head, and these excursions filled the future railfan No. 88 with golden memories.

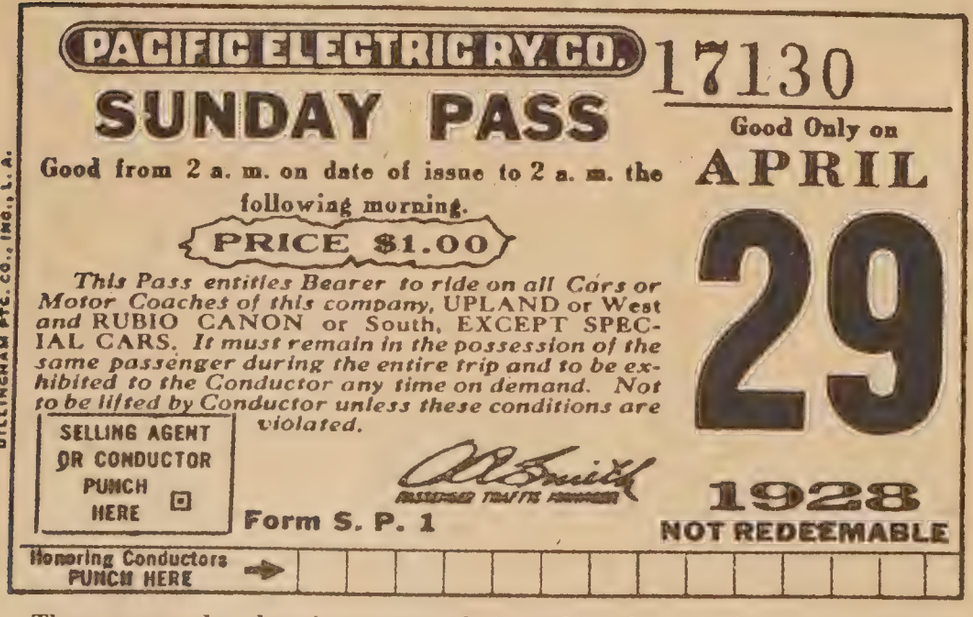
Trolleys not only fascinated the lad but helped to make him the railroad buff he is today. Traveling over the Pacific Electric's entire 1,200-mile system got him absorbed in its history. One day, many years ago, he started building a model of a PE car from scratch and became so entranced with the subject that he laid aside his tools and began researching for the book which eventually became *Ride the Big Red Cars.*

President Nixon's father used to be a PE motorman on the Whittier line. Years later, when Spence wanted to get a photo of him standing beside a PE car for another book, *Henry Huntington and the Pacific Electric*, the author obtained such a picture by contacting Mrs. Clara Jane Nixon, the President's sister-in-law.

Spence is a member of the Orange Empire Trolley Museum, the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, and the National Railway Historical Society. His personal collection of railroadiana includes books from various publishers. He also has three HO gage models: two PE red electric cars and a California Western railbus, No. M-80, all finished handsomely by a friend, Jerry Gresham of Huntington Beach, Calif. In addition, Spence owns a few miscellaneous HO models, some of which he built himself, and a sign, "Next Car Please," which he salvaged from an old Pacific Electric coach.

By scholarly hard work he won three degrees from the University of Southern California: BA (in letters and arts and sciences), MS (in education), and MA (in journalism), besides engaging in further study at the University of California. His education was financed partly by his mother and partly by his working in gas service stations and as a department store salesman.

When he was 21, a newspaper, the *Long Beach* (Calif.) *Independent*, hired him as a copy boy, and ten days later made him a reporter. Since then he has earned his living mainly as a writer. At various times on the Long Beach *Independent-Press-Telegram* he has been a leg man, a columnist, a copy editor, and a picture editor; and on the *Los*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These passes played an important role in making Spencer Crump a railfan.
Reproduced from Crump's book, Ride the Big Red Cars

Back in the 1930's, these passengers gathered to ride the cable car on the Mount Lowe segment of the Pacific Electric. Arrow shows one of them, Spencer Crump as a boy, with his mother, Mrs. Jessie Person Crump, in a white blouse, at the left.
Collection of Spencer Crump

Angeles Times a reporter and a section editor. These jobs were valuable training for his present career.

One member of his staff while he was editing the Orange County suburban section of the *Times* was Bob Gettemy of Santa Ana, who recalls Spence as "earnest, hard-working and invariably polite."

Bob tells me: "I remember how he handled people who were willing to talk 'off the record' but not for publication. Crump would say: 'Well, Mr. Jones, that's very interesting and I'm glad you told me about it; but what I *really* want is something I can use in a story for the paper.'

"Several years ago, Crump and I went to San Felipe, a Mexican fishing village on the eastern coast of Baja California. The trip wasn't a total success because we had a helluva wind and because San Felipe, although on the Gulf of California, is in a desert area. However, the trek was made worthwhile by our delivery of some much-needed supplies to the impoverished natives.

"A few days before we started out, Crump said he would take along some old clothing, shoes, and canned goods for the local residents. I had been to San Felipe several times and seen conditions there but had never thought of doing anything about it. Anyhow, I scurried around and picked up some stuff. We got together quite a supply and delivered it to San Felipe's Catholic church. The good sisters were overjoyed. In broken English, they made sure we knew the schedule for church services. This amused us somewhat, as neither of us are Catholic. The village had not been hit by a disaster; the people were just poor, and Crump knew it."

Shortly after Spence became a reporter and was trying hard to write good features, a veteran leg man said: "Why bother? The story will be lining a garbage can in a couple of days, anyway." But our hero felt that at least two persons would be proud of a good story: himself and the person he wrote about. He likes to believe that at least a few of the pieces he turned out in those days have been preserved in old scrapbooks.

As a reporter he interviewed many celebrities. For years James Hilton, who wrote *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and other famous novels, lived at Belmont Shore, across the street from the Crump family. Spence tells me: "There is no other modern writer of fiction whom I respect more than Hilton, I felt that way even before he became my neighbor. I was then a newspaperman, but I passed up the opportunity to interview him. Mr. Hilton eventually died in a hospital. Only during his last days did I write a story on him for the paper, revealing that he had lived quietly in a certain neighborhood for years and was now hospitalized. When the end came, I released the news to the wire services from my newspaper office."

In 1962 Spence left the *Times* to become the editor and publisher of Trans-Anglo Books, specializing in railroad titles. Later that year he met his future wife, Miss Mary Jane Dalgarno. This charming, blue-eyed native of Scotland was then employed as secretary to the head of the company which bound the output of Trans-Anglo Books. Married in 1963, the Crumps have a son, John, born in 1964, and a daughter, Victoria, 1965. Also two cats, Ian and Johnny.

I asked Spence how he, as a book publisher, selects the kinds of manuscripts that the public is likely to want.

"To do that," he replies with a grin, "You'd need a crystal ball. Other factors also must be considered."

"Such as?" I asked.

"The selection of type, paper, and binding, and the merchandizing of the finished product. Book design, too, is important. Fortunately, our director of art design is Hank Johnston, who is also an author and was one of your *Interesting Railfans*. In addition, Hank advises us on all other phases of publishing."

Hank tells me: "Spence is not overly fastidious. He dresses in a rumpled suit and drives an old Volkswagen. But he is a good journeyman writer and editor. He is frugal, tenacious, friendly, and fond of railroad history. His publishing company puts out Western history books, including five of mine. Some that

are railroad titles at least have strong railroad themes woven into them."

I asked Spence to comment on present trends in railroad books.

"The biggest criticism I find in many of them and in manuscripts for proposed books," he says, "is that the author assumes his reader knows many facts about the subject, and therefore the book omits essential material. A good author writes *to* his reader, neither up nor down. We think our readers are intelligent and eager for more information, or they wouldn't have bought the book.

"Many would-be authors collect photographs and think that these illustrations alone can make a book. They have done little or no research and in some cases can't even write decent English. A successful railroad volume is based on research and strikes a happy balance between pictures and text. One type of would-be author that most publishers can do without is the fellow who doesn't care very much whether his book sells or not, so long as he can show it with pride to friends and relatives."

Occasionally Spence writes for other publications, such as the section on college journalism for *Career Opportunities for Technicians and Specialists*, an encyclopedic work to be issued this year by another company. Here is a list of books that he himself has written and published:

Ride the Big Red Cars, subtitled *How Trolleys Helped Build Southern California*

Redwoods, Iron Horses, and the Pacific, subtitled *The Story of the California Western "Skwnk" Railroad*

Henry Huntington and the Pacific Electric (scheduled for this June)

Black Riot in Los Angeles, subtitled *The Story of the Watts Riot*

Western Pacific

California's Spanish Missions Yesterday and Today

252 Historic Places You Can See in California

In 1966 he took on an added responsibility as professor of journalism at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, Calif., and director of its journalistic program.

"When Spencer came here, he was lke manna from heaven," enthuses Dr. Robert B. Moore, president of the college. "Our journalism instructor had resigned and we were in dire straits for a teacher with a working background in the field. Being an instructor in journalism on a college campus these days is fraught with many hazards. We have the utmost confidence in Spencer Crump."

Spence was once elected to the Los Angeles Democratic Central Committee. Says he: "I'm no longer active in the party because I feel that neither the Democrats nor Republicans are functioning for the benefit of Mr. Average Man. It is time to reform both parties along new lines so they can bring about racial integration, that is lagging shamefully; establish peace, that has long been neglected, and provide widespread employment without the crutch of the military-industrial complex."

Spence is also an artist. We see him with "Atom Bomb," a painting he made.
Photograph by Olney Stewart

A man of medium height and solid build, No. 88 has clear blue eyes, sometimes windowpaned by reading glasses, Like most railfans, he does not smoke, having given up cigarettes long ago. "Since all research indicates the danger of cigarettes," he says, "more should be done to discourage smoking."

Spence is usually cheerful. When troubles arise, he finds comfort from verses in the Bible. He watches very little TV, which he finds "has forgotten that social obligations go with the use of the nation's air waves," although he does not agree with Vice President Agnew that TV is politically biased.

His address is P.O. Box 1771, Costa Mesa, California 92626. ●

Photo showing dismal finale of Pacific Electric equipment comes from Crump's book, *Ride the Big Red Cars*.

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

with
Mike Eagleson

Virginia & Truckee woodburner No. 20, the *Tahoe*, now at the Strasburg Rail Road.
William Moediner, 517 E. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

CLINCHFIELD steam has been in the headlines since the Erwin, Tenn., shopmen restored their 88-year old 4-6-0 and the road started operating excursions. They ran their second annual steam-powered *Santa Claus Special* between Elkhorn and Kingsport, Tenn., on Nov. 29th. Thousands of eager spectators waved at Santa who threw small gifts off the observation platform. Besides this trip, under the direction of General Manager Thomas D. Moore, the road used the steamer almost every week-end last spring, summer, and fall on various routes. Although the trips were publicized sparingly country-wise, they were popular. Almost always they left would-be passengers at the station, unable to find room aboard.

But what is next for the Clinchfield? Will they eventually lease No. 2102, a former Reading T-1 4-8-4, from Steam Tours and storm through the hillsides?

An authentic Clinchfield steamer may yet see a fire on her grates. It seems too good to be true, but many years ago a factory in Kingsport bought a Clinchfield Mikado when they needed a steam boiler fast. They used her, but forget about ever removing her when the emergency passed. So, the railfan world now has a genuine Clinchfield 2-8-2 on its steam list! Two problems are how to get the factory (whose name I don't know) to give her up and who will pay to restore her?

An unconfirmed rumor that the Texas & Pacific 2-10-4 now in a park at Fort Worth, Texas, is soon to be resurrected and reflued by a Dallas business concern is causing excitement. Who can shed light on this?

Union Pacific has sold a steam rotary snowplow to the Barter Machine & Supply Co., of Denver, Colo. The new owner, according to K. R. Matzich, 3140 25th St., Boulder, Colo. 80302, does not want to scrap this rare piece of equipment, but would sell it for $40 per ton, about $3,600. Anyone want to clear a snowy right-of-way in style?

Grand Trunk Western country is still without steam operation. The mishaps suffered on trips pulled by Steam Tours' No. 2102, by Dick Jensen's No. 5629, and by Lou Kellers No. 4070 have soured the management against further attempts. Still in the Detroit Terminal roundhouse in Detroit, Mich., is GTW's former 4-8-4 No. 6323 of fantrip fame, reports John B. Corns, 1614 Ambler Ave., S.W., North Canton, Ohio 44709. I was hoping that this privately-owned Northern type could be restored for excursions, but GTW brass collars are unwilling to risk another steam fiasco.

A steam train may possibly tour Michigan late this year or in 1971. A portable art exhibit, displayed in baggage cars, is planned to spread culture in the Midwest. The artists themselves would ride the train and greet the crowds. The locomotive expected to pull the display train is Chesapeake & Ohio's 4-6-0 No. 377. The Penn Central, C&O, and GTW are involved.

There is a good second-hand market today for used steamers. Each week I get an inquiry or two asking where one is for sale. The following three persons each are looking for a steam locomotive: Robt. N. Smith, Box 286, Winnfield, La. 71483; W. H. Bilk, Steam Railroad Restoration Society, 30701 Young Dr., Gibraltar, Mich. 48173; and James E. Bogener, 104 Pralle Lane, St. Charles, Mo. 63301. If you know of a steamer for sale, say so.

It's too bad that MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., of Vancouver Island, B.C., Canada, made its final steam-powered logging run last December. Some 2,000 tons of logs were hauled for 16 miles between Cassidy and Ladysmith by 2-8-2T No. 1055, a 41-year old Baldwin. The line could be seen by riding the Esquimalt & Nanamo's RDC passenger train. Who knows where steam is left in the far stretches of Canada, operating or dead? I want to run a complete list in this column.

Steam made the Nov. 21st cover of *Life* magazine with a shot of country singer Johnny Cash standing beside NC&StL 4-8-4 No. 576, now on display in Nashville, Tenn. The J-3 "Stripe," as crews referred to her, was in perfect condition, with not a part missing, when I visited her in 1966. Attaining 90 mph in regular service on the Chattanooga Division, this 1942 American Locomotive product was a splendid example of steam development. Hurrah for the fact that she is preserved!

In last year's sugar-beet campaign on the Great Western Sugar Co. Railroad, the following plant location saw 0-4-0T steam operations: Wyoming at Lovell; and in Nebraska at Bayard (one operating, one cannibalized), and at Gering, Mitchell, and Scottsbluff; and in Colorado at Brighton and at Fort Morgan (2 engine alternated), Loveland, Longmont (steam on hand, using small diesel), Ovid, Sterling.

James L. Ehernberger, president of Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, Box Box 1391, Denver, Colo. 80201, had this to say about the little tank engines. "Many years ago I mentioned to some fans that these plant engines would be more photographed in later days. Now it seems as though they are."

Union Pacific reportedly wants to donate 4-8-4 No. 838 to anyone who will accept her and display her properly. Now stored in rather poor condition in Cheyenne, Wyo., the huge Northern has been used for spare parts to keep No. 844 running on excursions.

There is no more steam on the Southwestern Division of Australia's Queensland Railways, effective January 1st. Diesels have taken over.

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, 37 Edgemere Avenue, Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: **Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.**

1 What type of railroad car develops a tremendous harmonic rocking action back and forth?

Harmonic roll action is a problem found in heavy, high-center-of-gravity hopper cars. This could cause serious derailments, and has led some railroads to prohibit prolonged operations of freight trains between 10 and 20 mph. Some designs have been developed to counter its effect, such as frictional dampers and hydraulic snubbers. This has helped, but the situation is far from being solved, and research continues.

2 Where can I get a map and schedule of all passenger trains in North America?

We often get this question from people who have not heard of *The Official Guide of the Railways*, a thick paper-bound book, issued every month with a complete listing of all U.S., Canadian, and Mexican passenger service. It also has some condensed freight schedules and maps of major railway systems, lists of officials, and other information. It costs $6.40 an issue ($6.79 for N.Y. State residents) or $48 per year. The publisher is National Railway Publication Co., 424 W. 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

3 Does the Maine Central still use the Morse Code to dispatch trains on its system?

No. It uses telephone and teletype.

4 A brief history, please, of the primitive Granite Railway.

It was the first railroad in the United States to be built by a railway company. Opened Oct. 7, 1826, it was designed to haul granite for the Bunker Hill monument, then being built at Charlestown, Mass. Wagons were pulled by horses along wooden rails. The line was about 3½ miles long, with a gage of 5 feet, and was eventually taken over by the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

5 I am 18 and want a railroad career. How shall I go about it?

You forgot to state what phase of railroading you are most interested in and what qualifications, if any, you have. Nobody can answer your question until you have supplied that information. You can't even apply for a job until you decide what kind you want or what occupation you are best fitted for, whether as a railroad laborer, clerk, or in some mechanical department.

6 Describe the accident in which a New York Central train hit a New Haven train standing in the Park Avenue tunnel in New York City.

It occurred about 8:20 a.m. on Jan. 8, 1902. The Central train, headed by engine 1018, was carrying passengers from White Plains; it disregarded a block signal and crashed into the rear of the New Haven passenger train from South Norwalk, Conn. Two cars were destroyed; 17 passengers were killed. The New Haven train had been stopped for about two minutes before, waiting for another train in the yard ahead of it. The collision took place near 56th Street inside the 4th Avenue Tunnel, as it was then known.

7 Where can I get a copy of a poem entitled "Roar of the Ghosts"?

Here it is, written by Paul O'Dinnell.

My boyhood days so often heard the roar of giants,
Snaking through the countryside.
Billowing clouds engufing, acrid and black.
Huffing, puffing, their exhausts resounding,
Echoing a staccato far and clear.
The shrill whistle, rising, lowering and reverberating,
Through mountain, valley and plain.
Hissing steam, the clatter and screech of steel on steel.
Piercing the darkness of night, a red fiery glow,
From the mouth of the monster being fed.
In his day he set the pace—hauler, weather forecaster,
Time keeper and a boy's wonder.
These giants no longer ride the rails.
To all who remember their awesome might,
They still remain in mental sight.

8 What is a train-handling indicator?

It is a device which shows engineers what lies ahead on their routes. Mounted inside a box in front of the engineer, it shows the train's relative position to the route on film. By watching it, he can tell whether there is anything ahead on a sharp curve or a grade. The instrument has been developed by the Frisco Lines as an important step forward in safety and efficiency.

9 Which was Ohio's first railroad?

The Erie & Kalamazoo, opened in 1836. Originally the line ran from Toledo to Adrian, carrying 24 passengers by a horse-drawn coach. In 1837 it acquired its first woodburning locomotive, but went broke later that year in the nation-wide financial panic and was taken over by the State of Michigan. In 1846 it was sold to a group of Massachusetts and New York business men, who also bought the Detroit & St. Joseph and formed the nucleus of the Michigan Central out of these two railroads.

The first line chartered in Ohio was the Mad River & Lake Erie, in 1832, but construction of its 156 miles was not completed until 1844. By that time the E&K had been in service for eight years.

10 When was the Jersey Central-Reading express between New York and Harrisburg, Queen of the Valley, inaugrated?

It started operating May 18, 1902. Today, the Reading handles only freight into Harrisburg, with the Penn Central assuming passenger service for that city.

11 What can you tell me about the Soo Line's St. Croix River bridge?

Built in 1910, it crosses the St. Croix at an elevation of about 180 feet. It is a cantilever structure, comprised of five 350-foot arches.

12 A retired train dispatcher asks for details about a gargantuan religious sign built by a dispatcher on a Kansas hillside.

The sign was erected by Fred T. Horton, a Santa Fe dispatcher. It reads "Christ Died for the Ungodly, (Rom. 5:6)" and was built in 1900 out of flat rocks placed on a hillside above the Santa Fe tracks, two miles from Arkansas City, Kansas. This unique sign was 475 feet long, each letter being 2 feet deep, 10 feet wide, and 18 feet high. Passengers could easily read the quota-

tion as they sped by. Horton often worked at night on it and took seven months to finish it, and he died in 1937, according to Freeman Hubbard's book, *Railroad Avenue*, which supplies further details.

13 ***Where can I get cloth patch emblems of all major railroads in the country?***

Try the Colorado Railroad Museum, Box 641, Golden, Colo. 80401, which sells many such emblems.

Running Extra

Regarding the question in our Jan. issue from a reader who wanted to get a steam locomotive chart with parts numbered and named, Warren Norcross, 5411 Whitby Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says that Central Scientific Co., 237 Sheffield, Mountainside, N.J., sells such charts. Sandy Stokes, who is chief engineer for Whiting Corp., 1416 E. Morehead St., Charlotte, N.C. 28204, has one such chart, 18x30", of a 4-4-0. Anyone interested can write him.

"I would like to find two boy railfans, about 16 or 17," writes Maurice Graham, 1338 Colton, Toledo, Ohio 43609, "who took some fine pictures of No. 759 on the High Iron fan run from Elizabeth, N.J., to Palmerton, Pa., last September. I want to buy copies of their pictures. One lad wore an engineer's jacket covered with railroad names." Maurice adds that they were from a fan club in the area. Can anyone help him?

More info. on the Mississippi River & Bonne Terre comes from L. F. Dachwald, 7312 E. Carlisle, Spokane, Wash. 99206. When he worked for that road in 1921-'22 it was standard gage. Replying to a query from Joe Hereford, Jr. (Jan. issue), he adds: "Engine No. 4 was a beautiful little long-barrel job. When I was a week-end express and baggage agent, we had her between Bonne Terre and Leadwood, Mo."

Further data on the MR&BT or the former Illinois Southern is available from Howard Robertson, P.O. Box 111, Bonne Terre, Mo. 63628, or Chas. Mitchell, Rte. 1, Salem, Ill. 62881.

A request for b&w negatives or color slides comes from Bill McDaniel, 2368 Victory P'kwy, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206. He wants NYC 10-6 Budd sleepers, Pennsy 13 double-bedroom Pullman, Philadelphia County (pre-war smooth side), NYC Tavern Lounge Budd cars, *Castle Valley* (stainless steel fluteside).

Information on the old Canadian Northern, the Intercolonial, and the Grand Trunk, all out of Ottowa (Rideau Jct.), is desired by Ernest Lyon, 32 Prospect St., Huntington, N.Y. 11743, who worked for the New York Central from 1917 to 1929.

Who knows what happened to Union Pacific loco X823, either a 4-8-2 or a 4-8-4? Fred Grady, 621 Sioux Ave., Broken Bow, Neb. 68822, says he saw her make the last run on the UP mainline in Nebraska in 1959.

An answer to Dave Osborne's question about the present status of Albany's Union Station (Feb. issue) comes from Bob Dunn, 24 Arrow St., Schenectady, N.Y. 12304: "Union Station has been closed since last summer when a new depot in Rensselaer, N.Y., was opened to replace it. According to Penn Central, the old station has been sold to the State of New York and will be demolished to make way for a new highway. Apparently no group made any move to save it."

Request for info. on the Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield, sought by Allen D. Maty (Sept. issue), is supplied by Don E. Traver, Rte. 1, Sleeman, Ont., Canada. Don says the road was a consolidation, in 1885, of the KCC&S and the Pleasant Hill & De Soto. The main line ran from Olathe, Kan., to Ash Grove, Mo. The company bought a line from Springfield, Mo., to Arcadia, Kansas, from the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis, but re-transferred it in 1906. When the road was taken over by the Frisco it owned 163 miles of track.

"Saw S.G. Shook's request (Jan. issue) for the whereabouts of Jersey Central's Trainmasters," writes Frank Reilly. "On March 5, 1969, all the Trainmasters (CNJ 2400's) were officially retired. The units were sold to a local scrap dealer in Newatk, N.J. There were rumors that he would sell some of the units to other roads, but as far as I know, all were scrapped."

Frank purchased a set of markers and an engineer's seat from the scrap dealer for $10. He says the CNJ still has a few "Baby-Trainmasters" in operation; these operate out of the Jersey City yards.

"Was the CB&Q trackage narrow-gage through Hill City, S.D., to Keystone, or was it another railroad?" asks George Pierson, 19622 Purnell Ave., Rocky River, Ohio 44116. "At Hill City, I know it is dual gage."

Long-time reader Ken Fraser of Cookshire, Que., Canada, says Michael Eagleson's January cover photo was taken in Victoriaville, Que., not Victorville. Ken has ridden on two fantrips pulled by the engine shown in that photo, has many pix of her.

An anniversary of diesel freight service is observed on the Santa Fe as Marion Westmore carves the cake for engineer Bob Knittel in front of engine No. 1406. Santa Fe ran the first transcontinental trip with freight diesels, leaving Chicago, Feb. 4, 1941, for Los Angeles.

Wanted by Alva Snead, 3146 E. 12th St., Joplin, Mo. 64801: history of an old Santa Fe steamer on display in La Junta, Colo.

A tough question comes from John Hill, 832 Randolph St., Bedford, Va.: why were the two common forms of train orders numbered 19 and 31, instead of being given other numbers?

Penn Central sells a number of gift items bearing the now familiar PC emblem. Some of these are: a gold-plated tie-bar ($1.75); a circle pin for women ($1.75); a key chain ($1.75); Metroliner tie-bar ($1.75); green luggage tag ($1.); and embroidered cloth patches (50¢ each). These are available from Penn Central Souvenirs, Six Penn Center, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104. Add local sales taxes to your order.

Railfan Wade Stevenson of Othello, Wash., has one of the largest collections of railroad photos in the West. Some of his pictures have appeared in *Railroad Magazine*, Wade has over 10,000 black and white prints and 10,000 slides. He is employed by the Milwaukee Road as a machinist helper. Many of his photos were shot in and around Othello, some going back thirty years.

"I am looking for someone able and willing to supply steam loco information when given a builder's number to work with," writes Gordon Mills, 1159 Loma Sola Ave., Upland, Calif. 91786.

Famed in railroad history was this plant of the American Brake Shoe Company on Preblle Avenue in Pittsburgh, Pa.
All photographs from the author's collection

STORY OF BRAKE SHOES

by Erwin L. Erfert

WHEN I first met "Brake Shoe Tom" Baldwin one October day in 1941, he was telling some apprentices: "The most important point to remember about stopping a train is to apply the brakes in such a way that the wheels keep revolving until it comes to a full stop. Otherwise, the wheels would skid and wear flat spots on their bottoms."

Mr. Baldwin was superintendent of the American Brake Shoe Company's plant in Pittsburgh, Pa., and the apprentices worked there. I was then sales manager for the company's Southern Wheel Division and had gone to Pittsburgh to learn about brake shoes. After familiarizing myself with the shoes I would include them in the products sold by our division. The name Brake Shoe Tom had already become a legend in foundries, railroads, mines, and other industries, and so I studied under him.

From his second-floor office window, Mr. Baldwin had a good view of the Pennsylvania Railroad trestle that led to the passenger depot but skirted the edge of the plant property. Sometimes, when watching trains go by, he would see an engineer drag at the brakes, and the old fellow would snort to himself, "That's no way to treat brake shoes or wheels."

Brake Shoe Tom's face and figure reminded me of Winston Churchill and I said so.

"Kid," he replied with a twinkle, "you and I will get along OK. But Churchill had a golden spoon; I was raised on a foundry molding spoon. My job here is the only thing I know or care about."

He went on to tell me about the world's first railroad fatality, which occurred in England, and how it created a demand for brakes. Back in September 15, 1829, when the same Duke of Wellington who had beaten Napoleon at Waterloo was the British Prime Minister, a politician named Huskison was standing outside his private railway car.

Just then an engine, the *Rocket,* rolled by on an adjoining track and killed Huskison. This tragedy gave people the idea that trains were extremely dangerous unless they could be stopped more promptly. And that is what eventually put brake shoe companies into business.

I told Mr. Baldwin that I'd heard him advising the apprentices not to stop the wheels before they could stop the train. "Wouldn't it stop the train more quickly if you stop the wheels first?" I asked.

The old fellow shook his head.

"Not really," he said, "and it would cause a lot of damage. If you stop the wheels with the train in motion, you convert them into sled runners that slide along the rails. The friction between wheels and rails would heat the wheels' contact area until the metal becomes soft or molten and scuffs off. This would act as a lubricant, and friction or adhesion power would be lost until cooling took place and the process was repeated.

"The power to stop is only as great as the maximum amount of adhesion between wheel and rail, with braking force applied only as much as can use the adhesion available. When the braking force exceeds the wheel-rail adhesion, you get a lock-up slide and lose stopping force. Besides, the sliding wheels would burn and tear the rails as well as put flat spots on the wheels."

"Yes, I can see that now," I said.

"If a flat spot is large," he went on, "the wheel must be reconditioned or removed before it causes pounding damage to the rail, car, and contents. The wheel must be permitted to roll while converting train energy into brake shoe heat, and around the entire wheel where it can be dissipated.

"The brake shoe and the wheel can handle the heat but not when concentrated in one spot. The amount of heat must stay short of turning the wheel and brake shoe into a plastic or molten state. Brake shoe metal can build up on the wheel tread if it begins to flow. Brake application in train handling takes considerable skill on the part of the engineer."

I spent several weeks with Tom, who proved to be a capable teacher. Mechanical Department people from the railroads and mines would visit him to discuss their locomotive and car brake shoe problems. They studied shoes and patterns for everything that might help them with a particular locomotive or type of car.

Part of my instructions came on·

outside shop tours, where we examined worn brake shoes from locomotives and cars. The wear patterns indicated neglected rigging, worn heads or keys, faulty hooks, and anchor bolts. When foundry workmanship or quality was at fault, a foundry man would hear about it in no uncertain terms.

Brake development was largely a matter of trial and error, Tom informed me. At first wooden blocks were used; but when trains began to run faster, the wood charred and burned. In 1853 a genius named Stephen Morse patented an iron brake shoe. During the next few decades everybody and his brother tried out different styles and ideas. Then the Master Car Builders Association, which had been formed shortly after the Civil War, encouraged the idea of a separate brake shoe and holder, to make it easy to replace a shoe.

In 1876, Isaac H. Congdon, the Union Pacific's MCB, patented a special brake shoe that used wrought-iron oblong strips as inserts cast into its face. Then J. J. Lappin, a Toronto foundryman, chilled the ends and portions of the shoe's face to produce white iron which would slow down the rate of wear. Some friction value was lost through this. In 1896, Eugene W. Applegate combined chilled iron with some butterfly-wing-shaped soft iron inserted into the body of the shoe. This type, the Corning brake shoe, had good friction balance.

"Brake Shoe Tom" Baldwin, superintendent of the plant in Pittsburgh.

The following year mild steel plate expanded into diamond-shaped openings was used in bundle form cast into the brake shoes. Steel backs and lugs were showing up in attempts to design strength into the shoe and hold it together under heat and pressure.

F. W. Sargent, the Burlington's engineer of tests, investigated brake shoes and friction on a scientific basis. In 1889 he built a brake shoe testing machine that used miniature brake shoes measuring one by four inches in a cast-iron wheel 11½ inches in diameter. The MCB Committee on Brakes used this machine for their investigation.

The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company was formed by combining the Ramapo, Lappin, Sargent, and Corning brake shoe companies; and Sargent became its chief engineer. He set up a laboratory and built a machine to test brake shoes on a full-scale basis.

Sargent and his staff perfected a coating material which permitted full use of steel plate backs and expanded metal wire bundles without the problem of burning them and creating voids. The reinforcement of steel combined with the iron held the shoe together in service, even though it cracked under heat and pressure. Controlled analysis in iron and chill control was developed to produce a more uniform product.

"Those old-timers did a whale of a job," Brake Shoe Tom told me. "Nowadays, most of the work is done on the drawing board and in the test laboratory. Production problems are ironed out in the experimental foundry before the shoes are produced. The brake shoe has to be expendable, because you can change and replace it a lot cheaper than you can a wheel."

The pattern storage shop fascinated me. Shelf upon shelf and bin upon bin held brake shoe patterns, core boxes, prints, and interchangeable parts. Tom had them all marked, catalogued, and customer-coded. He knew each customer's requirements, and the plant made everything from a 14-ounce shop-dolly shoe up to the huge blind driver shoes for steam locomotives, some of which ran over 100 pounds each.

Tom Baldwin in conference with Joe Kepler, the division controller.

World War II put a stop to custom-molding, as it became necessary to produce a maximum number of standard shoes. Tom reduced the plant's 1400 active patterns to about 160, and never again deviated from standards.

After the war, his company built a modern brake shoe foundry at Meadow Lands, Pa., and closed down the Pittsburgh plant. Tom and the other employees were moved to the new foundry.

The replacement of steam locomotives by diesels had an impact on the kinds of brake shoes being produced. It lessened the demand for giant-sized driver brake shoes. The diesel shoes looked puny alongside of them. High-speed diesel passengers brought on the problem of flaming brake shoes and fire hazards. Solid blocks of carbon were cast into the shoes instead of the old-style iron inserts.

Tom Baldwin got quite a chuckle out of this. He said it showed that time was running out for him and he should retire with the steam locomotive. By now he was well past the mandatory retirement age, but Billy Given, longtime president of American Brake Shoe, kept Tom on the job because he was handling the shop profitably. At length he retired on January 1, 1952; and seven years later the old man drifted down the stream of Time to a land where there are no railroads and no brake shoes. ●

Only oldtimers will recall the days when a telegraph operator worked at night by the light of an oilburning lamp.

HAM OPERATOR

by Norman Stephenson

I WAS an "NG" man, a nitroglycerin maker. But I wasn't happy. I wanted out. I had lost some good friends in the last couple of blowups and had a strong hunch that if I pushed my luck a bit longer some good friends would be missing me, too.

The NG man over behind the next set of bulkheads had been a train dispatcher. He suggested that I take up railroad telegraphy. He said many ranking railroad officials had started that way and he offered to teach me all he knew about it.

Six months later my friend had me up to a speed of 20 words a minute, sending and receiving Morse code. He also coached me on all kinds of train orders and train messages, and how to hoop them up to fast-moving trains. He checked me out on standard railroad operating rules and gave me good grades. All that, and how to write the round rolling "fist" of the old-time railroad "brass pounder."

He said I was now prepared to hit for a railroad job. So I packed a suitcase and left the San Francisco area for Sacramento.

The California state capital was a terminal for four divisions of the Southern Pacific. I expected to be working on one of them within a day or two.

My train pulled into Sacramento and stopped at the SP's main depot at mid-afternoon. I lugged my suitcase up a flight of stairs to the dispatchers' office. The sound there was terrifying! Up to then, in telegraphy, I'd heard only the sound of my practice sounder. Now I was hearing a dozen or more machines clicking and clacking away at a rate far beyond my receiving speed.

I braced up to the office counter with butterflies fluttering in my stomach. When I told a man what I was there for, he called over to the chief dispatcher: "Hey, chief, can you use an op?"

The chief went on talking to another man. After a while, he barked at me, "What roads?"

His question threw me off balance. Before I could think what he meant, he snarled, "What in hell railroads have you worked for?" It got under my skin. "None," I said; and he came back with; "Then what in hell are you doing in here? Get out!"

I picked up my suitcase and left. Downstairs, I went to the depot eating-house and bitterly nursed a cup of black coffee while I tried to simmer down. Then the man to whom I'd spoken first hoisted himself onto a stool next to me.

He, too, ordered coffee and he said he hoped that I wouldn't think all chief dispatchers were like the one upstairs. I was still boiling mad and didn't give him an ear until he said he was a watch inspector for the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific. He said I should hit the WP for a job.

At that time the WP had been in operation for only a year and a half, running trains between Sacramento and Salt Lake City, Utah. It paid very little, he said, and so was usually in need of operators and wouldn't be too particular about previous experience.

My new friend gave me his card with a note of introduction to the WP's chief dispatcher scribbled on it. Thereupon I headed for the Western Pacific's offices.

I spotted a "Room for Rent" sign in a window of a nice-looking house and took it for a week. I hadn't eaten since an early breakfast, so I stopped at the WP's depot hash-house before going on up to the dispatchers' office.

It was close to 4 o'clock when I stood at the WP's dividing counter. The chief clerk came over, took the watch inspector's card, and put out his hand with a smile. What a difference! But my heart pounded as I waited for the query, "What road are you off of?"

Before I could say, "None," the chief dispatcher called the clerk over to his desk for something. I thought wildly of ducking out, but stayed.

Back at the counter again, the clerk handed me an employment application form, told me to make it out and bring it in the next morning. I thanked him and got out fast.

In my rented room, I examined the application form. Sure enough, I was asked to name the roads I'd worked for in the past five years. Now I'd have to put it in writing, "None." I lay on my bed and stared at the ceiling in abysmal gloom.

"What roads?" Then it dawned on me. Why, the Panama Railway, of course! The world's busiest railroad, mile for mile, during the Panama Canal's construction. All 27 miles of it.

A check-up letter would take a month to reach the Canal Zone, and as long for a return reply. I'd get in two months' work, maybe three, before I'd be caught up with.

So I set to work on the application in my best old-time telegrapher's handwriting and handed it in to the chief clerk at 10 a.m. next day. When his eyes fell on my writing, he beamed and I knew that I was in. God bless my instructor friend!

The clerk yelled over to the chief dispatcher: "Hey, chief, listen to this! "Here's an op right off the little old Panama Railway!"

Everyone in the office was looking our way. From the way they grinned, I knew that the "little old Panama Railway" meant something special to the chief clerk. I didn't have to be told that he'd worked down there, and he'd catch me up in my big lie.

This chief clerk pulled me through the counter gate and over to his desk. He babbled on about the "Zone" and how he had worked on the railway during the canal's construction. He'd been back only a year. I had to get out before he'd catch me on something, and I did so by promising to be back the next day for lunch with him. He said we'd have a good talk about that little old railroad down there!

Back in my room again, I was in a mental sweat, trying to think what to do. Then another idea struck me, and I headed for the public library.

I was pushing twenty-one. The head librarian was not only pretty; she was understanding and sympathetic. After hearing my story, she seated me at a table in a side room with everything the library had on the Panama Railway and the Panama Canal.

At nine o'clock that night, closing time, I staggered out of the library, punch drunk with Panama details, including the Spanish-named stations and their correct pronunciation.

Next day I showed up at the dispatchers' office in time for lunch with the chief clerk, as promised. I beat him to the punch. By the time we reached our dessert, I had him hanging on the ropes, staggering with the latest dope on his dear little old railway and the whole Canal Zone. He had been a train dispatcher down there!

Right after we got back to the office, the chief dispatcher said I'd be going out on No. 10 that afternoon to relieve a sick man at the upper end of Feather River Canyon. He asked me to bring my things to the office, ready to go. I would use the waiting time filling in the answers to a questionnaire on railroad rules and regulations. He didn't mention a "wire test" and I hoped he wouldn't.

After leaving the dispatchers' office, I called on the pretty librarian and then on my watch inspector friend. Both seemed happy about my getting a telegraph job. I didn't tell the watch inspector how I'd got it. Then I went to my room and wrote up the examination papers in my best old-time op fist.

The chief dispatcher gave my rules and regulations exam papers a quick check and OK, and said nothing about a wire test. My rolling handwriting was proof enough. I rode out of Sacramento that afternoon on my first railroad pass and arrived at Blairsden after dark, the first week of March, 1913.

There was four or five inches of snow lying around, the first I'd ever seen except on mountain tops at a distance. Even the big pines were white, like pictures of Christmas trees.

As No. 10 went on her way down the canyon, trailing a squirrel plume of smoke, I lugged my suitcase into the station office. A dreary-looking man sat hunched beside a cherry-red pot-bellied stove. On the telegraph desk in a bay window stood a lighted kerosene lamp. The room was like a furnace.

Sweat was dripping down the cheeks of the man crouched in the "caboose chair" and his face was a mottled red. He gripped the chair arms. I spoke to him, but he didn't look up or answer. His eyes were glassy and unseeing.

All the telegraph sounders on the desk kept chattering, one repeating the letters "BN" three times and then "DS," the Blairsden call and the dispatcher's sign. I went over, answered "BN," and closed the key. A stream of dots and dashes poured from the sounder. All I caught was a question mark at the end. My time had come! Now they'd know me for what I was, a ham operator.

The author as he looked shortly before he went to work as ham operator.

It took a little doing, but I got the dispatcher to cut down to my receiving speed. His question was, "How is the sick man?" With an unsteady hand I managed to answer: "I think you've got a very bad case of fever up here. Get a doctor and nurse on Number 9 with a stretcher and cot or you may lose your man."

Cutting the letters out sharp and clear, and at my speed, he said; "I'll try. Do what you can for him."

The sick man was still crouched in his chair, but no longer sweating. I felt

his forehead. It was dry and firecracker hot. His temperature must have been away over 100. I'd had typhoid when I was a kid and I'd never forgotten what had been done to break my fever. It was brutal. It had almost broken me.

A door led off the station office at the back. I went through it into a kitchen-dining room. Soiled dishes covered the table. The sink was piled high with dishes, pots, and pans. I went into a bedroom. The windows were closed and the smell was terrible. I opened a window, stripped the bed, and put clean sheets on it.

I found four bath towels then and looked for a tub. I took them all with a dustpan for a scoop, to a snowdrift. Then I sandwiched the towels in snow, with a heap on top. Back in the bedroom with the tub, I poured water over the snowpile and worked the towels around in the slush, then closed the window and went back to the telegraph office.

The sick man was still huddled by the stove. I called Portola on a side wire to ask the message operator what had been done about the doctor and nurse. His answer came back like a shower of bullets, but I got him down to my receiving speed and learned that they would be on No. 9 out of there, with a stretcher and a cot. I now had only 30 minutes for cracking the fever before they reached Blairsden. No time to lose!

Opening the door, I let in a blast of freezing air, but the man didn't move. I closed it and tried to get him onto his feet. He still clung to the chair. He was so big and heavy that I could hardly budge him.

Caboose chairs have a handhold at their back like a "captain's chair." I tilted this one back on its hind legs and dragged it, with its passenger, into the bedroom and faced it to the bed. Then I made another try at getting the man up out of the chair, but he froze to it, now breathing in short shallow gasps. It sounded bad.

Pulling a towel from the melted snow, I wrapped it around his face. That did it. He shot up from the chair with a muffled scream, clawing at the towel.

I gave his shoulders a shove. He fell across the bed, face down, fighting the towel. I grabbed his ankles and swung him lengthwise the bed and lined him up on it. He turned over, trying to sit up. I slapped him down with another freezing towel and held him down until he gave up.

I got his clothes and heavy woolen union suit off him and began the brutal fever-breaking treatment: one freezing towel after another, laid on from head to foot. He had to take it lying down, but not without giving me a fight and a delirious cursing out.

After half a dozen towels, his body started to lose its terrifying heat. At the end of a dozen, the fever was broken and he fell asleep. I covered him with a blanket and put a pillow under his head.

Then I went out again with the tub and towels, giving them the snow treatment, and set the tub beside the track. No. 9's whistle echoed between the canyon walls. When I got back in, the dispatcher was calling "BN." He wanted me to tell the sick man that his wife, who was visiting a sister in Sacramento, would meet him at the train. I said OK; but when I went in to tell him, he was sleeping peacefully and I let him sleep.

The conductor and brakeman helped the doctor and nurse get the patient onto the stretcher and into the baggage car. I handed up the tub and gave them the message about the man's wife. The doctor reached down to shake my hand. The nurse blew me a kiss as the train started moving.

I watched No. 9 until her rear end lights passed from sight down the canyon and then went in and made my first "OS," No. 9's arrival and departure time, along with a short report on the sick man's condition.

I spent the rest of the night in a chair beside the desk, snoozing off and on, and all of the next day policing the place, including the soiled dishes, pots, and pans. When I finished that chore, the station would have won a "flag" or "star" for its high polish on any man's railroad. In the midst of the clean-up job I took my first train order. As the dispatcher gave me "complete," I felt that I had it made.

My patient recovered and returned to Blairsden with his wife. I had gone from there to a three-trick job, where I worked until I had six months of "whiskers"—enough experience to get me on with the Southern Pacific. But the WP was my first love, though I boomed around on a dozen or more roads. A time came when I was a train dispatcher in several European countries. But that's a different story.

Nothing was ever said to me about my Panama Railway employment reference, nor did I ever become a high ranking railroad official. ●

Passengers in Mexico

MEXICO'S National Railways admit that its two oldest passenger lines, those between Mexico City and Balsas via Cuernavaca and between Mexico City and Puebla via Cuautla, operate at a hefty loss.

But there are no plans to suspend passenger service on the lines, according to a spokesman, because it "provides a social service to local farmers and people of modest means."

Considerable freight also is transported on the lines. The fact that they lose money is nothing exceptional, as most of the world's railroads are losing money.

It takes 10 hours to travel the 293 kilometers between Mexico City and Balas via Cuernavaca. An average of two or three passengers per run is not abnormal on weekdays. The trip to Cuernavaca takes 4½ hours.

On Sundays there are more passengers. The tracks are sometimes next to the speedway, where passengers can see the cars, who make the trip in 40 minutes, zoom by.

A crew of a conductor, an engineer, three more railroad employes and an inspector from the federal Communications Ministry is needed on every run.

The Cuernavaca run has a rich history. The firebrand Emiliano Zapata rode on it in the days of the Mexican Revolution after 1910 and for that reason the train was ambushed at Ixtla bridge.

The line was planned in 1890 to make a link with Zihuatanejo on the Pacific coast—Acapulco was nothing in those days—and in 1893 it was finished as far as La Castañeda. In 1895 it reached Tres Marías and in 1897 Porfirio Díaz rode it all the way to Cuernavaca. In 1899 the track reached Balsas, but for reasons unknown construction was never continued after that.

The train, with 40-year-old cars that can't carry heavy loads of freight on the winding mountain track, leaves Buenavista station at 7:45 every morning.'

The Mexico City-Ozumba-Cuautla-Puebla train is the only one still in existence in Mexico with a narrow-gauge track. About all it has to recommend itself, too, is the scenic country-side to be admired during the trip. It leaves San Lázaro station at 8 a.m., and arrives at Cuautla at 12:23, and in Puebla at 7 p.m.—11 hours for a two-hour trip by bus.

The train is nicknamed "The Killer" because 100 people were killed in a railroad wreck on its first-day run and later 150 soldiers were killed in another rail accident.

For this history we thank George S. Mitchell of Grand Junction, Colo., and Mexico City's *Daily News*. ●

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

Steve Maguire

TWO CANADIAN cities are planning new rapid transit systems for the future, says V. Scarborough of Lake Cowichan, B.C.

Edmonton, Alta., has chosen a $47 million rail system as the cheapest way to move its citizens downtown, and at the same time lessen traffic congestion. City Council has already approved $14.8 million for the first stage of it, using a 5½-mile Canadian National right-of-way through the downtown core of the city. Donald MacDonald, Edmonton Transit System superintendent, says the proposed line will be much cheaper and more efficient than freeways. Because of frequent stops, electrics rather than diesels will be used. By 1980, the city's metropolitan population is expected to be 650,000, so this could well be a good investment.

Calgary, too, is planning a rapid transit system, one 20 miles in length, to be completed over the next 18 years. Its population of 335,000 is increasing by more than 1,000 a month; by 1976 it may reach the half-million mark.

The four-leg system is estimated to cost $99 million if elevated in the downtown area and $115 million if a subway.

Some interesting thoughts on the value of rapid transit have been brought up in *Passenger Transport*, weekly trade paper of the transit industry:

"Development of rapid transit has consistently generated more compact and orderly development."

"This has been amply demonstrated by the T-Bana in Stockholm where the rapid transit line to suburban communities is developed before the community. This creates an orderly cluster development pattern with the rapid transit station as the focal point of each sub-division."

The report adds that revenues received as a result of land development more than outweigh the initial cost.

Cars sit proudly on their tracks at their new home, The National Capitol Trolley Museum, located in Wheaton, Md. From left to right: No. 5954, formerly from Berlin and Karlsruhe; No. 6062 from Vienna; No. 955 from Duesseldorf.

THE SOVIET UNION is building a new trolleybus system for Ciudad Kennedy, a recently constructed working-class suburb near Bogota, Columbia, writes Al Kleinsmith, 1378 Brookline Rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44121. The USSR

From collection of William R. Gordon

Pittsburgh, Mars & Butler Railway picnic special unloads passengers and food in this 1915 photo taken at Bakerstown, Pa.

Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94611

Southern Pacific spur at Hayward, Calif., was double-gaged for trains bringing welded rail to the Bay Rapid Transit, which has a wider gage than the CP's. Wide gage is 5'6".

Harre W. Demoro, 3040 Jordan Rd., Oakland, Calif. 94602

Where streetcars go underground. (Upper) Mt. Washington tunnel of Pittsburgh trolley system at South Hills Jct. (Lower) We don't know whether or not this girl is waiting for PCC 1152, emerging from N line tunnel of San Francisco Muni system.

Virgil C. Staff, 1700 Sonoma Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707

is supplying 100 new Soviet-made trolleybuses, costing $2.5 million, for the sprawling metropolis of 250,000.

AN UNDERGROUND capable of 420 mph is proposed by a former Lockheed chief engineer who headed the Polaris missile and Agina rocket development. Lawrence K. Edwards, of Palo Alto, Calif., has a plan for an underground system which would use air reach high speeds. *The Cleveland Press* reports that the gravity-vacuum transit or "Gravatrain," would consist of airtight aluminum cars moving inside steel tubes buried underground; the tubes would rise up at each station.

According to Edwards, no engineer or motorman would be necessary—computers would control the train's movement and the opening and closing of its vertically-rising doors. He also claims that the train could make 12 stops on a New York-Washington run and still take only half the time of country's fastest train now in operation, Penn Central's *Metroliner*.

Edwards, who left Lockheed to form the Tube Transit Corp., feels that the system would be far superior to present commuter lines, which suffer from numerous breakdowns and accidents; he also believes it would be much cheaper.

To save time, send *Transit Topics* mail directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

THE TROLLEY BUS isn't disappearing as fast as some of us had thought. Recent newspaper editorials indicate that the public is finally becoming aware of the value of rail over rubber-tired transport. Both Toronto and San Francisco plan retaining the present trolleybus systems for a number of reasons, such as helping to eliminate air pollution.

From Toronto, M. Sendecy, a professional engineer, sends us the following item from the Toronto *Telegram*:

"Ever wonder why the TTC is hanging on to its ancient streetcars? On the downtown streets they move traffic far more efficiently than buses do—that's why."

TTC officials who have studied the question estimate it takes 50 percent more buses per hour to move the same number of people as streetcars. That means extra traffic competing with private vehicles for road space."

"While a single bus can handle 4,000 to 4,200 people an hour, the TTC's streetcars move up to 15,000 an hour.

"And they don't pollute the air."

The Toronto Star says Toronto's Transit Commission has determined:

"It was cheaper to rebuild its trolley bus fleet than to retire it and use diesel buses instead. . .

"The cost of rebuilding each vehicle has been estimated at $34,700 compared with the $38,750 cost of a new diesel bus. And a trolley coach can be operated at 6.39 cents a mile less than a bus."

In San Francisco, which operates 330 electric trolley buses and 105 streetcars, Harre Demoro, an *Oakland Tribune* writer, reports that the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission has unanimously agreed that the Municipal Railway should improve its electric trolley

bus system rather than replace much of it with mitor coaches.

A SECOND railway museum is building a trolley bus line, reports Wm. F. Nedden, 1010 W. Green St., Urbana, Ill. 61801, after reading our story of the line under way at the Perris Calif., museum. Illinois Railway Museum at Union, Ill., has built a 1400 foot long trackless trolley line with a loop at one end and a wye at the other on its museum ground heretofore devoted only to operating steam and electric trains. It is hoped that the new operation can begin this summer. Bill adds that a garage to house 6 to 8 trackless vehicles is being considered.

TROLLEY modelers will be interested in HO and O gage scale drawings of city cars which were taken from official company prints and reduced to model scale. Sets of drawings of cars in Chicago, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Denver, showing floor plan, both sides, and both ends of a car in each city are now available in packs supplied by Walt Walker, 2010 Radcliffe Dr., Westlake, Ohio 44145, at $1.95 for HO, and $2.95 for O gage drawings. Walt seeks official drawings from other trolley companies to add new items to his list.

THERE are indications that Shaker Heights Rapid Transit is planning an eventual extension of its Van Aken line beyond the present loop at Warrenville, says Ted Taetsch, 14218 Garfield Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Over $50,000 will be spent on engineering plans for an underpass of Van Aken Blvd. at Warrensville Center and Northfield Rd., one of the most complicated and congested intersections in the greater Cleveland area.

Although it is primarily a highway project, our readers will be interested in the fact that provision for two rapid transit tracks will be included. When rapid transit line out of Philadelphia constructed it will permit extension of the Van Aken line south for 3 miles to the race track at North Randall. A new large sub-station that has recently been built near the end of the Van Aken line further indicates that there are serious plans to build the extension in the not too distant future.

Red Arrow Lines car No. 62 (top photo) was completely restored by Merritt H. Taylor, president of the company. The center-door car was built in 1925, and the letterboard reads "Philadelphia & West Chester Traction Co."—Red Arrow's name until 1936. (Bottom) No. 62 and No. 9 at the Llanerch, Pa., shops.

Photo graphs by Stephen D. Maguire

Coming Events

March 15: "Ballad of Iron Horse," television special, 7-8 p.m. EST, on ABC-TV. Program traces development of U.S. railroads.

April 11: Morristown & Erie steam excursion using Morris County Central No. 385. Leave 9:30 a.m., Rte. 10 at Whippany, N.J.; return 12:45 p.m.; 3 photo runs; fare, $3.50. Write Alan Holleuf-

May 24: CNR steam excursion on 4-8-4 No. 6218 from Niagara Falls, Ont., to Stratford; lunches; photo stops. Contact Buffalo NRHS, 360 Rudlen Rd., Lewiston, N.Y. 14092.

April 18, 19: Two one-day excursions, Los Angeles to Bakersfield via SP Tehachapi Mt. route; coaches, buffet diners; fare, $12.95. Contact Pacific RR Society, Box 5279, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

May 30-31: Steam excursion over mainline Erie Lackawanna using NKP Berkshire, No. 759, Hoboken to Binghamton. Return May 31 via Tunkhannock and Scranton. Contact High Iron Co., Box 200, Lebanon, N.J. 08833.

May 28-June 1: Santa Fe Chief from Los Angeles to Flagstaff, Ariz. Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Meteor Crater; ride White Mountain Scenic RR. Fare, $179 and up. Let's Travel Tours, Box 146, Perris, Calif. 92370.

Pen Pals Wanted

B.G. Cowan, 249 Florida Ave., Portsmouth, Va., paralyzed for 8 years, needs cheer-up cards and letters.

George Davenel (18), 45-14 156 St., Flushing, N.Y. 11355, wants to hear from female railfans and anyone interested in EL or DH.

Jack Ferry (23), 10041 S. Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60628.

Anita Kay Hutson (14), 2916 N. Webster St., Kokomo, Ind. 46901, wants to hear from NKP fans, esp. NKP Hist. & Technical Society members.

Emilio Koch, Machado 1813, Castelar (Bs. As.), F.C.D.F.S., Argentina, wants railfan mail from anyone who writes Spanish.

Gordon Mills, 1159 Loma Sola Ave., Upland, Calif. 91786, wishes to locate F.J. McAteer, formerly of Ont., Canada, and C.T. Steeb, who lived in Billings, Mont., about 20 years ago.

Gary Patrick (15), R.R. 3, Whitewater, Wisc. 53190, wants to hear from boys or girls his age interested in C&NW.

Dick Symmes, 620 Cabot St., Beverly, Mass. 01915, wants to contact Chas. Garber, formerly a loco engineer US Army, Ft. Eustis, Va.; believed to be in Indiana.

Glenda Sue Kiser, Rte. 1, Box 11-J, Arkadelphia, Ark. 71923.

George Cincu, General Delivery, Detroit, Mich.

Mildred McCarty (27), 102 E. Green St., Newman Ill. 61942.

Mrs. Geraldine Williams (71), Box 141, Castella, Calif. 96017.

Betty Schelinder (17), Rte. 1, Box 145, Foxboro, Wis. 54836.

Linda McCarty (18), 102 E. Green St., Newman. Ill. 61942

Mario Elizabeth Canedo (20), 173-O-T. Padilla St., Cebu City-J-317, Philippines.

Pam Johnsen (14), 1911 Maryland, Superior, Wis. 54880.

Jay B. Shoemate (50), Mountain Home, Tenn. 37367.

John Ray Johnson (17), Box 254, Monroeville, Ohio 44847.

Vera I. Geistenberger (24), Box 54, 633 Market St., Tiffin, Ohio 44883.

Carolyn Shell, Rte. 1 South, Box 999, Great Falls, Mont. 59401.

Pam Lane (15), c/o Terri Dye, 345 N. White, Kansas City, Mo. 64123.

Ernestine Howell (17), Three-forks, Ky. 41261.

Lori Rikhus (14), Box 62, Ulen, Minn. 56585.

Mrs. Doris Petro, 907 Second St., Lincoln, Ill. 62656, wishes yarn, view cards, stationery, pens, quilt scraps and scrapbook pictures for mentally retarded children, also for blind children.

John D. Yates, 1726 15th Pl., Plano, Texas 75074, wants to hear from Milwaukee Road employes.

Derry Vibert (18), 15276 Columbia Ave., White Rock, B.C. Canada, has no father in his home, loves railroads. desperately needs railroad or family home.

RAILROAD CRAZY

by Gilbert A. Lathrop

IT was early summer. All doors to the ten-stall roundhouse were open, exposing black snouts of narrow-gage steam locomotives. In the sooty gloom of the interior, young Bill Gillis went about his job of engine watchman.

His face and hands were grimy from having blown the flues on the 169, a passenger ten-wheeler. His clothes were encrusted where he'd wiped pin grease from his hands after filling side-rod plugs. The only relief from his general state of dirt was his eyes. They sparkled with joy.

Maybe Bill wasn't a fireman, but right now he was thrown-coal into the firebox of the 402, an eight-wheeled freight hog. He could at least dream he was railroading. In his mind he saw old Tom Layden, engineer, at the throttle with 18 imaginary cars of fat steers tied behind the tender, whamming his way up through the Black Canyon on a fast run.

After rounding the banked fire nicely, Bill closed the firebox door. He stepped into the right side of the deckless cab and opened the top gage cock. Out fluttered water; so he pulled on his Simplex injector. While he was waiting for the boiler to fill, he swabbed at the steam-gage glass and the air-gage glasses with a chunk of cotton waste.

Engineer Layden took good care of his 402. The Narrow Gage & Western knew and appreciated his worth, and the old fellow was Bill's idol. Hundreds of times the boy had told himself while perched in the cab of this little 35-ton engine: "If I can just be as good a hogger as Mr. Layden, I'll ask no more."

Sure, Bill was going to be an engineer. First he'd work up to fireman, and then one glorious day he'd have a locomotive of his own.

While the injector was filling the cab with a tinny whine, a thought struck the kid with such suddenness that he paled under his grime. It brought out beaded moisture on his upper lip. Why not? No one would know. Bill was alone in the roundhouse. The boilermaker, machinist, boiler-washer, and foreman had gone home to dinner.

He'd move her only a foot or two. He smiled in anticipation as he closed the injector. Hastily dropping from the cab, Bill pulled out the chain that had been twisted under the right intermediate drive wheel to anchor the eight-wheeler.

Even if the 402 rolled as far as a dozen feet there'd be no danger. The track led from her stall some fifty feet before the rails chopped off at the turntable pit. The table itself was lined up for the cinder-pit track and a wheezing Vauclain Compound waited for the fire-cleaner and the hostler.

Back in the cab, Bill dropped the reverse lever down in the front corner. He had often watched the hostler spot engines on the table with no braking power save the reverse lever and throttle. Anyhow, he didn't intend to let the 402 get close to the pit.

Steam hissed from open cylinder cocks when the timid lad tentatively eased out the throttle and waited. The 4-4-0 stood soggily. Bill gave her a little more steam. He was thinking of the old engineer.

Mr. Layden took pride in the valve motion of his 402. His boast was: "Quickest engine on the throttle on this whole NG&W. She moves like a cat. Why? Because I allow nobody to monkey with her valve motion and keep it in shape myself."

If Bill had ever heard the old hog-head talk about those valves, the excitement of the present venture effaced it from his mind. The youth was about to operate a locomotive, feeling her respond to his touch. When the engine did not move forward he tugged the throttle out farther.

Then things happened suddenly. From an inanimate mass of steel and iron the 402 vibrated with life. She leaped ahead, throwing Bill against the back of the cab. Blasting exhausts, shot through with black, sooty water, erupted from her diamond stack.

With horrified eyes the kid saw the turntable pit approach. He jammed the throttle closed. Then he grabbed the reverse lever, which came upward reluctantly, stiffly. Exhausts grew subdued, almost ceased entirely—only to give way to a crunching, grinding noise as the 402 nosed into the turntable pit!

HER PILOT smashed against the table, knocking it from its center bearing. The tender jack knifed and crushed the cab. More dazed than hurt, Bill crawled from the window, dropped to the bottom of the pit, and surveyed the damage.

No. 402 was scratched up considerably. Coal from the tender had spilled over the top of her cab, rattled through the square ventilator, and poured over the boiler head. Bill's throat was aching and dry and his stomach feeling sick as he stepped back. His right hand mopped at his forehead and he groaned.

An alibi artist could have framed half a dozen plausible excuses for the 402 being in the turntable pit when the foreman came back from dinner. But Bill was truthful. He stood on the edge of the pit, looking over the damage. Only one thought registered: I'll be fired off the job with no chance of being reinstated.

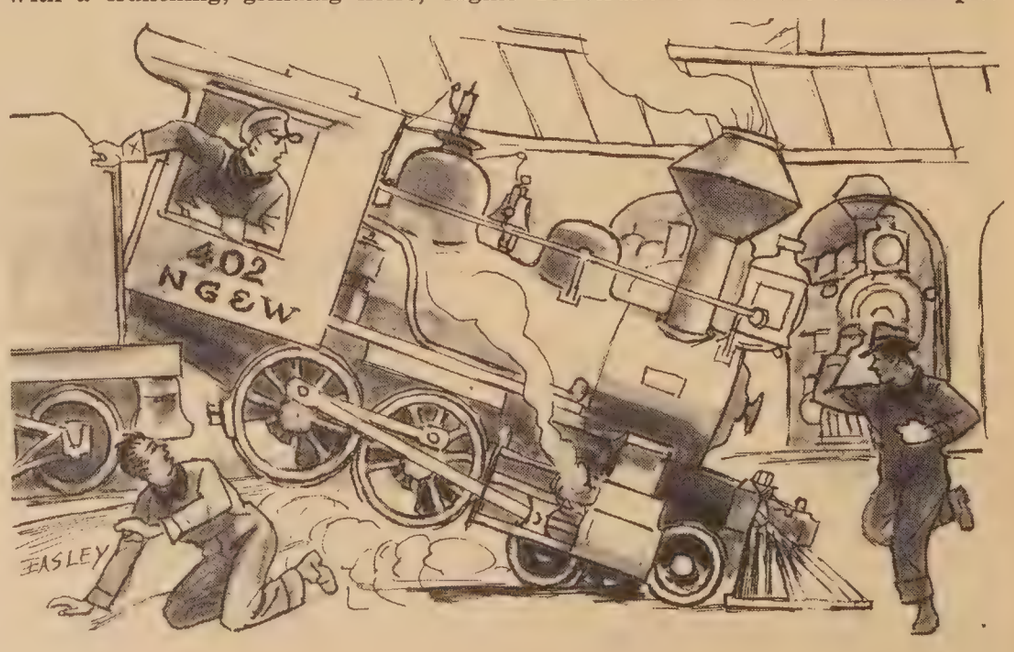
"What the hell?"

Bill jerked around quickly to find the foreman eyeing him.

"I just figured I'd move her a couple of feet," he stammered, wetting his lips with his tongue.

"You really tried to move her?" demanded the foreman in disbelief.

With a crunching, grinding noise, engine 402 crunched into the turntable pit!



Bill nodded miserably.

"Well, I'm a cockeyed son of a bitch!" The foreman was an apoplectic purple, brandishing both hands. "You're fired! Get the hell outa here!"

"I didn't do it on purpose." Bill's voice quivered. "I've always wanted to move an engine."

"I said get lost, real fast!"

Bill went away. Later that day he learned what had happened when Mr. Layden came down to do a little tightening on his pet. Tom was a fluent man, with a rich vocabulary of swear words.

"They ought to put Bill Gillis behind the bars for movin' an engine without proper authority," he said, embellishing his thoughts with a string of profanity.

The report of what the old hogger had said hurt Bill. He'd made Mr. Layden an idol. Worst of all came the knowledge that he was washed up on railroad jobs. Bill had never wanted any other occupation. It was his whole life.

The following day he sauntered down to the roundhouse. The 402 had been picked up and shoved back into the house for repairs. Mustering his courage, Bill entered the foreman's office.

"How about givin' me another chance," he pleaded.

The response was curt. "Another chance after your damn foolishness cost this railroad over two thousand dollars? Get goin', boy, and make it fast!"

BILL disappeared for almost a week. When he showed up once more it was at Tank Seven, halfway up Old Baldy Pass, where the Narrow Gage & Western Railroad filled the mountain slopes with thundering exhausts, where freight trains passed at all hours of day or night, and where returning helper engines rolled down the grade, running light.

Anyone crazy over the iron pike, like Bill Gillis, must have been drawn to Tank Seven like a fly is to sugar. Bill had a cousin working on the section gang out of there. Bill roomed with him, built a wooden bunk, and tried to hire out as a gandy dancer. But the crew was full-handed.

So for the next week the disconsolate young man spent most of his waking time watching trains and light engines go up and down Old Baldy Pass. The train and engine men began to notice him. Some were sorry for the boy. His love of the railroad was so evident that no man could deny it. Bill just naturally idolized the hum of drive wheels, the bubbling of safety valves, and the long-drawn-out whistles, softened by timberline distances.

Helper crews on the big hill called it "blood money," having to make trip after trip. Their time was figured in the aggregate. If one trip consumed three hours and they laid around three hours before the next call, they had only three hours worked against their sixteen. Sometimes the men were a week getting in enough time to entitle them to eight hours' undisturbed rest, and during all that time hadn't taken their clothes off.

Bill noticed this and heard about it from his cousin. He'd been at Tank Seven a week when he sidled over to a freight drag—they were taking water—and looked up at the engineer, half scared. He'd resurrected a battered No. 7 scoop and lugged it over his shoulder.

"If you don't mind, I'll pass a little coal for your fireman," Bill called up.

"So you quit runnin' engines into turntable pits and now you want to pass coal, huh?" the engineer called down.

Bill turned red and shrugged his shoulders defiantly.

"Did you land a job?" the man in the cab went on. "We sure need coal passers on this hill."

"I ain't got a job, regular," Bill explained. "I just figured it might help you fellers to ease your work a bit. I won't claim no time for it. In fact, I'd love to do it."

The way his brown eyes pleaded, the hoghead knew Bill was sincere.

"Climb on!" he invited.

So Bill went to work in the tender, shoving coal ahead. The train whistled off, three Johnson bars were dropped to front corners, and three throttles were jerked wide open.

As Bill toiled, red and white hot cinders cascaded over him. It is doubtful if he felt their sting. He was riding a locomotive, smelling partly-burned coal that fell from the fire ring and smelling valve oil which baked on the boiler head. And he loved it!

When all the coal had been shoved ahead, he scrambled over the cap top and slid into the coal pit on the head engine. From there he went back to the helper engine that was coupled behind the caboose. All three firemen were glad enough to accept Bill's help. The kid rode up to Old Baldy Pass and returned on a light engine to Tank Seven.

He didn't know when he had enough. Day or night were all the same to Bill. Nobody seemed to know when he got his rest. That was *his* business. A couple of weeks passed with Bill shoving coal to the firemen. It got to be quite a joke among the narrow-gage heads, Bill working for no wages.

MEANWHILE Mr. Layden was holding an extra turn on passenger. His beloved 402 was still tied up in the roundhouse undergoing repairs. So he had to go back for a while to freight service and was given a Grant-built teakettle of the 200 series. Those little merchandise-haulers rode like lumber wagons. Most of them were "lame," hopping over the road rather than exhausting smoothly.

Always an admirer of mechanical perfection, Mr. Layden yelled and cursed about his "scrap heap." He had to ride her standing up and he took her jolting through flexed knees.

When he pulled up to Tank Seven that first night back in freight service there was only a whisper of water in the bottom gage and a driving box was warming up, and he had a temper that shamed the devil. While his fireman was taking water, the runner prodded at the warm driver box with a packing iron, doped it with valve oil, and cursed it.

Somebody stole up behind Mr. Layden out of the darkness and he turned, raising his oil torch to illuminate the newcomer. Bill Gillis, with a shiny seven scoop on his shoulder, blinked at the glare.

"Hello, Mr. Layden," he greeted hopefully, backing up a pace.

"What in hell you doin' here?" the old man shouted.

Bill grinned. "Well, since I lost my job in the roundhouse I been sort of helpin' firemen between here and Old Baldy. I shove coal ahead to 'em."

"Who hired you?"

"Nobody. I don't get paid. Just do it because I like to be around engines."

"Here's one engine you won't be foolin' around!" raved Tom.

"I didn't think it would bother anybody with me stayin' back in the coal pit," argued Bill.

"You keep off my engine; Bill Gillis! Understand?"

Bill nodded. He went on to the next engine and greeted the fireman; then he climbed over the coal gates. That night the lad worked mechanically. The snap was gone out of the way he handled the scoop.

He kept away from Mr. Layden's engine, to the great disgust of the fireman. But in the snowshed at Old Baldy Pass, the fireman of the engine which Bill rode stuck his head outside and invited the coal-passer in.

Even though it was summer, the night air up here—almost twelve thousand feet above sea level—was uncomfortably chilly. Bill sidled inside. Furtively he touched the old black boiler.

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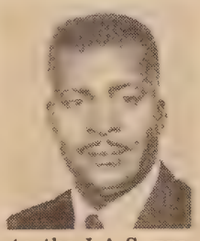

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"Do you reckon it would be possible for me to ever work back and get into engine service?" he asked.

"Takes time, Bill. The company ain't forgettin' what you did to the 402."

LATER, in the darkness of the shed, a brakeman lined the switch leading to the turntable and gave the engineer a "come ahead" sign. The pony trucks thumped soggily on the table, followed by the drivers. This engine would be turned before Mr. Layden's.

"Okay, Bill, seein' as how you hanker to be in engine service, you might help me turn this galloper," invited the fireman.

Bill's heart leaped. It was the first time since he began coal-passing that he'd been asked to assist a fireman in any other way. He dropped off gladly and hurried behind the tender.

The fireman kicked the dog out and together with Bill he grunted the table around. When it lined up for the spur again, Bill leaped ahead and pulled the dog between the rails. The fireman gave the hoghead is signal.

The engine chuffed loudly as pony-truck wheels lipped the rails. Before she got halted every wheel was on the ties. The fireman yelled, "Damn!"

"What made her climb off that way?" demanded Bill.

"Reckon you didn't make sure the rails was lined when you slipped the dog between 'em," the fireman yelped.

Tom Layden had heard the thumping of drivers on ties. He came up then out of the darkness, just in time to catch the fireman's words.

Mr. Layden was tired, disgusted, and out of sorts. He shouted at Bill: "You damned misfit! Every time you get around a turntable somethin' goes wrong. I knowed that no good would come of you ridin' engines up the hill, passing coal fer nothin'. We'll be stuck here in this lousy snowshed half the night, now."

He was correct. They took two long and weary hours getting the engine back onto the track. During that time Bill figuratively sweated blood. He worked like two men, carrying 150-pound frogs and helping to spike them in place.

When they were finally ready to drop down the pass, Bill called to the hoghead of the rerailed engine: "I'll ride the hind end of the tender. Just slow a little at Tank Seven so I can drop off."

"You can ride the cab if you want to," offered the engineer.

Bill shook his head and disappeared into the darkness toward the rear.

TOM LAYDEN was still boiling over when he got in from that trip. He went straight to the foreman.

"I guess you know that kid, Gillis, who put my 402 into the turntable pit, has been doin' a free job of coal-passin' above Tank Seven for the boys, don't you?" he demanded.

The foreman chuckled. "Bill is kind of a hard man to keep away from railroads. Just plumb railroad-crazy!"

"He'd better be kept away from this'n from now on," blazed Mr. Layden, and he told the foreman about the derailment at Old Baldy Pass, ending with: "And if you don't put a stop to his ridin' engines, I'll go straight to general offices with it."

"I'll take it up," said the foreman.

Bill made himself conspicuous by his absence during the next few days. The firemen missed him. Few blamed him for the stunt at Old Baldy Pass. Every man working there had seen engines lip the rails on the turntable. The table itself was deeply furrowed by flanges.

During this time Bill hung around the timber spur above the tank. A gang busily loaded railroad ties. The spur was on a light grade, like the main along here. Timber-men often dropped half-empty cars short distances on the spur to facilitate loading. In those days there was not a derailer over the whole length of Old Baldy.

Watching these men soon grew tiresome, and Bill fidgeted. Maybe he might go back to his coal-passing, now that things had blown over a little.

When Bill marched up beside a lead engine with a scoop on his shoulder, the firemen welcomed him with open arms.

"Can you shove coal ahead to me?" he breezed. "I'll say you can. Climb on!"

Tingling all over, Bill got in the coal pit. He'd watch his step from now on, too. No more trying to work at places where he had no business. In the coal pile was where he belonged.

The three-engine train whistled off. Bill pushed the coal toward the wooden gates, inhaling deeply the smell of the iron horse.

Then someone laid a heavy hand on Bill's shoulder to steady himself down the sliding coal. The lad jerked upright. He saw a brown hat, a blue-shaven jowl, and a white collar.

The stranger eyed him owlishly. "Who in the hell are you?"

"Name's Bill Gillis."

"You're the bird who's been doing a job of free coal-passing?"

Bill nodded unhappily.

"Climb over the coal gates and un-

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load! I've a complaint about you here in my pocket. And stay away from this railroad from now on!"

Bill guessed he was a railroad bull. He did not argue, but took his scoop, dropped off the engine, and stood watching the train as it rumbled past.

Mr. Layden, on the rear helper, scowled at Bill. A dull flush of anger swept over the youth. He realized now who had made the report about his riding the engines. He grabbed the handholds at the side of Mr. Layden's engine as she blasted past. Two leaps put him in the cab behind the hoghead. He placed his lips close to the old man's ear.

"So you turned me in about passin' coal!" he shouted. "And I just want to tell you what kind of heel you are! I didn't bother anybody but helped 'em really. It was my fault, the 402 goin' into the turntable pit. But it wasn't my fault when an engine jumped the track at Old Baldy. Ever since I went to work in the roundhouse I set you up as my model, hoping some day to be as good a runner as you. Now, I wouldn't be like you for this whole damned railroad!"

Before the startled hoghead could reply, Bill had climbed down off the engine. Mr. Layden mumbled to himself, then blazed with anger.

"Damned roundhouse rat!" he finally said in disgust, and concentrated on running the Grant 200.

THAT was the windup of Bill's coal-passing days. A month went by without him being seen at Tank Seven. When asked, his cousin said: "Bill has gone over the hump, lookin' for a railroad job."

Quite a gang of the heads hoped he would find a job. The fellow wasn't afraid of work, and everybody knew he was plumb nuts about engines.

Fall was getting close now. With it would come the livestock rush and the coal rush. Old Baldy would be a madhouse with strings of loads and empties clattering over it. Tom Layden got his 402 back early in September. She was repaired, repainted, and given a new cab. The old man was glad to have her again.

The 402 was tied on the head end of a drag of coal and performed in her usual efficient manner. At Tank Seven, while Mr. Layden was oiling her around he saw Bill walking slowly down the track toward them. The kid looked seedy and ragged. He needed a shave and a new shirt. Things were not going so well for the ex-roundhouse flunky.

But the old hogger paid little attention to him, even when Bill halted beside the 402 and looked up at the fire-

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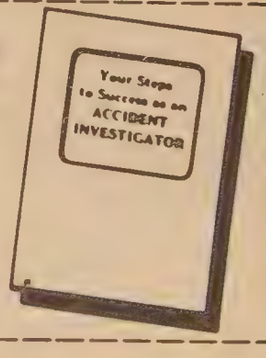

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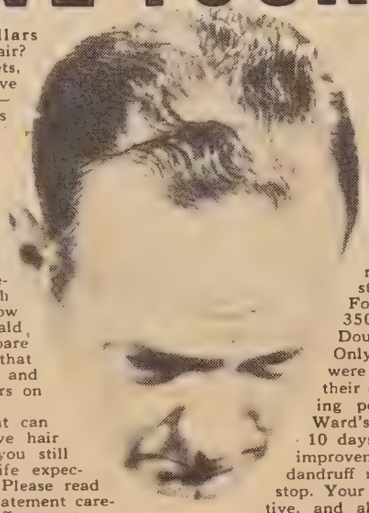

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If you can't grow hair—what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between *saving your hair* and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

But, today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss, for which neither the Ward treatment nor any other is effective.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance. Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days or return unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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man crawling over the coal toward the cab.

"Hello, Bill!" Tom heard.

"H'lo." There wasn't much spirit left in Bill's greeting.

"Heard you went over the other side of Old Baldy huntin' a railroad job. Any luck?"

The youth shook his head dismally. "No. I could have gone railroadin' if I'd been able to tell 'em I had some roundhouse experience, but that was out. Reckon I'll have to turn to somethin' else, but I'll always be railroad-crazy."

Bill walked on down the side of the train, his brown eyes fixed on the ground.

Mr. Layden turned at the Pass. They jogged down the mountain. The engineer rode his seatbox, quite a change from the 200. He seemed at peace with the world. He'd forgotten Bill Gillis in the pleasure of running his old pet once more.

Two miles above Tank Seven the fireman yelled across the boiler: "Smells like we got a hotbox."

Mr. Layden nodded. "Yeah. Been smellin' it the last half-mile. It's the pony truck on my side. I'll stop at the tank and cool it off."

The mainline beside the tank offered a good chance for a man to crawl under and pack a hot pony truck. Ashpans had been emptied there and burned the ties down in the center, so there was plenty of room.

They rounded the curve above the tank and rattled over the frogs of the timber spur. A coal car was sitting well back and a timber man listlessly loaded short mine props into it.

On the other side Bill Gillis was watching disconsolately. He didn't even look up when the 402 passed.

AFTER spotting his engine at the tank, Mr. Layden dropped down with packing hooks, oil can, and ball-peen hammer. By this time the pony truck journal was throwing dense clouds of blue smoke.

He crawled under the pilot, his body over the rails between this and the wheel. A nasty job. Had to work in a confined space, doubled up like a jack-knife. The rail hurt where his short ribs pressed against it. He tapped the pin out of the cellar and let it drop down so he could get at the box. Then, cursing under his breath, he started pulling out the hot packing dope.

Bill knew the 402 was halted at the tank, but ignored her. What was the use? Fate had dealt him a bob-tailed flush and his bluff was no good.

How to get rich

How can you get rich some day? Make a hit record . . . a killing on the stock market . . . or invent a gadget like the hula hoop?

For most of us, these are just dreams. But have you ever stopped to think that there *is* a way to get rich—possibly only one sure way? Most fortunes, as you know, are made by people who own their own business.

Perhaps you've thought of starting a small business of your own . . . a franchised drive-in, or maybe a service business. Trouble is, you need $10,000 to $15,000 to get started and even then it's a gamble—with slim chance of ever making really big money.

But there is *one* business which could make you rich—almost overnight! And the beauty of it is, you can start on a shoestring during your spare time, even while holding your regular job.

Cash by Mail

The business is Mail Order—and it's fabulous! Come up with a 'hot' new item . . . and WHAM!

It strikes like a bolt of lightning!

Suddenly, you are deluged with cash orders from all over the country . . . MORE MONEY than you could ever make in a lifetime!

Like the Vermont dealer who ran one ad in Sports Afield Magazine. His ad pulled 22,000 orders—over A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH!

There is no other business where you can make a fortune so quickly!

- A beginner from Newark, N.J. ran his first small ad in House Beautiful—offering an auto clothes rack. Business Week reported that his ad brought in $5,000 in orders. By the end of his first year in Mail Order, he had grossed over $100,000!
- Another beginner—a lawyer from the midwest, sold an idea by mail to fisherman. Specialty Salesman Magazine reveals, "he made $70,000 the first three months!"

Proof

It's a fascinating business! Running ads in newspapers and magazines . . . mailing gift catalogs . . . getting cash orders in your daily mail—steady as clockwork.

There is no other business where you can start on a shoestring and pyramid your profits—*without investing in merchandise!* One husband and wife mail order team took in $40,000 selling one item. They obtained FREE ads in national magazines . . . didn't invest a cent in merchandise, and even got the supplier to ship all orders for them!

These exceptional cases are absolute proof that *you can get rich* in your own Mail Order business. Very rich. Even a U.S. Gov. Report stated: "A number of one-man Mail Order enterprises make up to $50,000!"

Pick up any magazine. Notice how the same mail order ads are repeated . . . month after month? That's concrete proof! You know those ads wouldn't be repeated over and over again—*unless* they were bringing in big cash profits to their owners.

The Secret

The secret of getting rich in Mail Order lies in *financial leverage.* It's a little-known, almost secret method—using other people's capital to make money for you!

You can get thousands of dollars worth of advertising in big national magazines—without investing your own money! And you don't have to write a single ad. Tested and proven ads are prepared for you by experts. Reinvest the profits from your first successful ad—to get more, larger ads, and the profits begin to snowball! It's like building a chain of stores . . . each new store puts more money in *your* pocket.

You mail out beautiful catalogs which offer hundreds of dollars worth of fine, quality gifts—yet you don't invest one

The thrill of receiving money in your mail is one you'll never tire of!

cent of *your* own money in merchandise! Your catalogs are printed with your name and address, so all orders come to you. Everything is "drop-shipped" for you, and there's up to *100% mark-up!* You pocket the cash profits immediately—even before the orders are shipped to your customers!

Repeat orders alone, just from mailing catalogs, could bring you a steady income for the rest of your life!

Yes, Mail Order is the fastest-growing, most profitable business in America! And now, with more people moving to the suburbs . . . the population explosion . . . and the expanding teenage market . . . we are on the verge of the BIGGEST BOOM in Mail Order history!

Now, with the help and backing of Mail Order Associates, Inc., of Montvale, N.J., you can follow the same proven steps to Mail Order success—using the 'secret' of financial leverage!

Start Now

We supply you with beautiful gift catalogs throughout the year. All products are dropshipped for you, with up to 100% mark-up! You get free samples of top-selling mail order items, plus monthly trade reports on 'hot' new products . . . tested, successful ads are sent to you monthly. You get advertising directories, postal laws, complete courses, expert guidance—EVERYTHING you need to practically guarantee YOUR SUCCESS. Why? Because *our* business depends upon *your* success. It's mutually profitable!

A recent feature article in Income Opportunities Magazine stated, "Mail Order Associates Inc., offers the most comprehensive Mail Order program ever offered to beginners." They go on to say, "This could be the opportunity you've been looking for. A chance to get in on the ground floor in a little-known business which we believe is on the verge of a new boom."

Free

We are now accepting a limited number of charter members in our new Mail Order Program. No previous experience is required but you must be over 21.

If you are sincerely interested in starting a profitable business of your own . . . if you can see the tremendous advantages which Mail Order offers . . . then ACT NOW!

Mail the coupon today, or simply send your name and address on a postcard. No salesman will call. We will send you a free book—gift catalog, reprints of feature articles, plus complete facts about our program. Write to:

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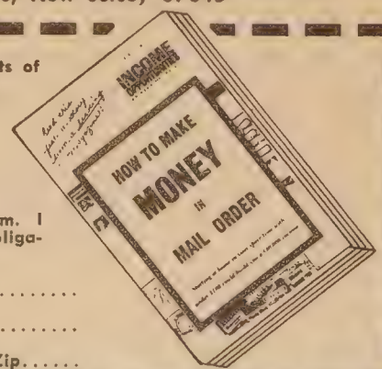

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Please rush complete details on your Mail Order Program. I understand everything is free and there is absolutely no obligation. I am over 21.

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The timber-man mumbled to himself, peered down the spur, and then crawled over the brake end of the coal car. A four-foot piece of steel pipe was inserted in the spokes of the brake wheel, showing that the car had already been dropped since being set in.

He shoved at the pipe, at the same time kicking the dog from the ratchet with his heel. The brakes beneath dropped down with a clatter, but the car did not move. The timber-man then swayed his body, rocking the car a little. It edged sluggishly forward.

Since the drop to the next timber pile was a scant six feet, the timber-man eased up on the brake as soon as the car moved. As he did so he frowned and lunged heavily against the pipe. He knew what was wrong, hoped to remedy it by sheer strength. A stuck brake chain!

It did not loosen. He released the brake, swung it against it again. Still the damned car kept moving.

"Hey!" The call brought Bill from his abstraction. The boy looked up to see the timber-man tugging at the brake wheel and the car moving toward the mainline.

"Gimme a lift on this thing!" the timber-man shouted. "Brake chain's stuck!"

Bill leaped to his feet and ran toward the car. At the tank below he saw the 402. He saw something else, too. Part of a man's body was sticking out from beneath the front end of the engine. He didn't get panicky, but his blood almost froze in his veins.

There might not be time to warn the engineer. Maybe he could halt the car with a mine prop thrown under the wheels. He snatched one about eight feet long from a pile. Running clumsily with this, he gained the front end of the car and stabbed it under the wheels.

The wheels wrenched the prop from his grasp and moved it between Bill's legs. There was a violent wrench. The prop flew from under. Bill sprawled; something snapped and his left leg twisted grotesquely.

There was a stabbing pain, but the kid ignored it in the present emergency. He came upright, steadying himself on the crooked leg. Hobbling crazily, he caught the rear end of the car.

The car went through the switch with Bill dangling on the rear end below the brake platform. He had no intention of climbing up. There was no chance of stopping with a stuck chain, but he might get some pressure against the brake beam.

Taking a firm grip. Bill swung inward, feeling for the dead lever with his toe. He located it and exerted pressure with his body. The brake shoes came against the wheels.

AT THE TANK, Mr. Layden's fireman was on the ground, yelling for him to come out from under.

From ten miles an hour the car slowed to eight, six. The fireman felt sure it would hit the engine. A car-length from the tender, then half a car! The runaway was not moving faster than a walk now, a slow one. Would it hit with force enough to bump the 402 ahead?

There came a soft click as the pins dropped in place. The tender did not move an inch. Mr. Layden had set his tender brake as well as his driver brakes. He came crawling out, saw the whole thing at a glance, and went whiter than his fireman.

Angrily he strode toward the timber-man who was still tugging at a useless brake. What the hoghead had meant to do was changed abruptly.

Bill Gillis had stood the pain of his leg as long as he could. The car was halted now. He dropped from his position, hitting the hard ground with a thump.

The fireman grew coherent. "I seen all of it." He pointed to Bill. "I think he was hurt back there when he tried to stop the car with a mine prop."

"If it hadn't been fer him," gasped the timber-man, "you'd be—"

"In two chunks by now." The old engineer finished the sentence.

After the car had been shoved into the spur and securely blocked, Mr. Layden made a fast run from there, taking Bill to the hospital.

"Leg is broken," the surgeon said, "But it's not too serious."

Time moved on. The kid was hobbling around on crutches, leg in splints, when Tom Layden came up to see him shortly afterward.

"How long before you'll be able to be out?" The hoghead was gruff.

"Doctor told me it would take about five weeks," Bill replied.

"That'll about begin stock rush," said Mr. Layden. "I got you lined up for a job firin' out of here. From the looks of things, you'll be on with me, which is okay. I'll try to pound some railroad sense into you then. And," he added with a twinkle, "don't ever let me catch you tryin' to move my engine."

Bill sank into a chair, overcome with joy. A railroad man at last! And firing for old Mr. Layden! The gates of Heaven had opened wide. There was nothing to do now but get well again as soon as he possibly could. ●

Shortlines of Rhode Island

Rosters compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Moshassuck Valley Railroad								
8	300	GE	50-ton	B-B	25,000	100,000	1950	
9	400	GE	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1943	1
Narragansett Pier Railroad								
30	175	Plymouth	ML-6 Type 3	B	15,000	60,000	1937	2
33	250	Plymouth	ML-6 Type 3	B	15,000	60,000	1938	3
35	175	Plymouth	?	B	12,500	50,000	1929	4
38	235	GE	35-ton	B	17,500	70,000	1958	5
40	420	Vulcan	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1943	6
Warwick Railway								
100	200	GE	28-ton	B-B	14,000	56,000	1915	7
101	460	GE	40-ton	B-B	12,500	80,000	1924	8
102	200	GE	30-ton	B-B	15,000	60,000	1919	9
103	250	Plymouth	ML-6 Type 3	B	15,000	60,000	1939	3
104	300	Atlas	50-ton	B-B	26,470	105,880	1938	10
105	400	Vulcan	65-ton	B-B	32,500	130,000	1943	11

These rosters are based on data from Warwick's president and general freight agent, Kerr Glass' plant engineer, NP's president, Strasburg's president, and Concrete Materials' general mgr., Peoria District, and are accurate as of the third quarter, 1969. For the purpose of our rosters, a shortline railroad is defined as a common carrier less than 400 miles long and listed in either the Official Guide or the Pocket List of Railroad Officials. Abbreviations include GE, General Electric Co.

(1) MV 9 was originally Copper Weld Steel 2, then MV 9.

(2) NP 30 destroyed in enginehouse fire (1963).

(3) NP 33 originally Boston & Maine 101, then Beale River ?, then NP 33 (1940), then Warwick 103 (2/59), then rebuilt by Plymouth and sold to Armstrong Cork Co. as No. 4 (3/60), then inherited by Kerr Glass Mfg., renumbered 4.

(4) NP 35 purchased in 1966 from Radio Corp. of America, where it was No. 4.

(5) NP 38 sold to Concrete Materials Div. of Martin Marrietta, (3/66) which use it without a number.

(6) NP 40 originally U.S. Navy ?, then U.S. Army 7036, then USN 65-00120, then Vt. Wholesale Co. ? (12/62), then NP 40 (1963). It has been upgraded to 500 hp.

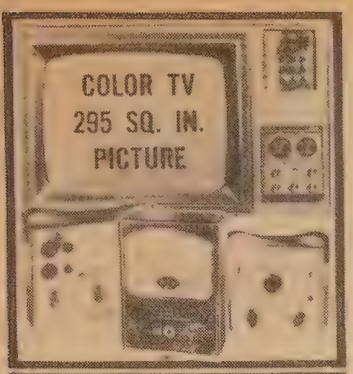
(7) Warwick 100 originally Univ. of Michigan ?, then Warwick 100 (an electric), then converted to gas-electric in 1949, then sold to the Strassburg, renumbered 7 (1959). Now stored unservicable.

(8) Warwick 101 originally GE ?, then Seaboard Steel ?, then Warwick 101.

(9) Warwick 102 originally Grafton & Upton 7 (an electric), then Stony Creek Granite ?, then Warwick 102 (3/57). The Warwick partially converted it to gas-electric, but scrapped it before using it.

(10) Warwick 104 originally USN (Boston Navy Yard) 3, then Ever Ready Supply 214, then Warwick 104. Other builders dates rumored to be 1940 and 1942.

(11) Warwick 105 originally USN ?, the USA 7037, then USN 65-00119, then Warwick 4400, then Warwick 105. ●



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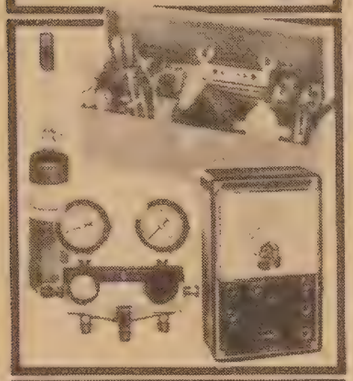

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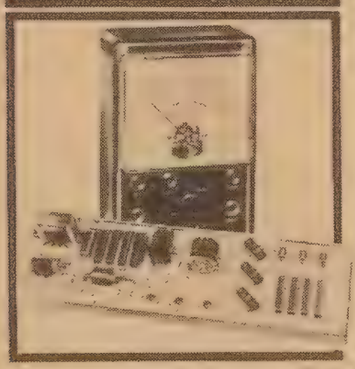

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St. Louis Southwestern Railway

Roster compiled by Sy Reich

New RR Class	New Road Numbers	Original RR Class	Original Road Nos.	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
———	———	Z-20 C-C	260	2000	BW	DT 6-6-2000	C-C	88,250	353,000	1948	1
———	———	Z-20 A1A-A1A	300-301	2000	Alco-GE	PA-2	A1A-A1A	52,225	313,350	1949	2
EF-415C-1	304	Z-15 B-B	304	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,787	247,148	1950	
———	———	Z-13.5	901, 903; 907-913, odd only	1350	GM-EMD	FTA	B-B	57,040	233,510	1944	3,4
———	———	Z-13.5	902-908, even only; 912, 914	1350	GM-EMD	FTB	B-B	55,050	225,500	1944	3,4
———	———	Z-13.5	917-923, odd only	1350	GM-EMD	FTA	B-B	57,120	233,830	1945	3,4
———	———	Z-13.5	916, 918, 922, 924	1500	GM-EMD	FTB	B-B	56,450	231,110	1945	3,4
EF-415AC-1	925-937, odd only	Z-15	925-937, odd only	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	55,840	228,890	1950	4
EF-415BC-1	926-932, even only	Z-15	926-932, even only	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	55,540	227,330	1950	4
EF-415BC-1	934	Z-15	934	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	56,430	230,870	1950	4
EF-415BC-1	936, 938	Z-15	936, 938	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	56,370	230,630	1951	4
EF-415AC-1	939	Z-15	939	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,310	230,770	1950	4
EF-415BC-2	940-950, even only	Z-15	940-950, even only	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	55,910	228,790	1951	4
EF-415AC-1	941-947, odd only	Z-15	941-947, odd only	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,820	232,810	1951	4
EF-415AC-2	949-959, odd only	Z-15	949-959, odd only	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,440	231,260	1951	4
EF-415BC-3	952-958, even only	Z-15	952-958, even only	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	55,940	228,910	1952	4
EF-415AC-3	961-967, odd only	Z-15	961-967, odd only	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,450	231,320	1952	4
EF-415AC-3	969-975, odd only	Z-15	969-975, odd only	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,960	233,370	1952	4
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1000	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,420	238,580	1942	5
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1001	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,420	238,580	1942	6
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1002	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,420	238,580	1942	7
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1003	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,608	240,580	1943	8
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1004	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,608	240,580	1943	5
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1005	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,608	240,580	1943	9
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1006	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1944	5
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1007-1008	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1944	10
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1009-1010	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1945	4,9
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1011	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1945	4
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1012-1015	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1945	4
———	———	Z-10 B-B	1016-1017	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1945	4
BS-10C-1	-,-,-,-, 1850	Z-10 B-B	1018-1022	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	59,812	245,350	1945	4,11
BS-10C-2	1851-1852, -, 1853-1854	Z-10 B-B	1023-1027	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	60,650	242,600	1947-8	4,11
ES-410C-1	1900-1901	Z-10 B-B	1050-1051	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	60,375	241,490	1949	4
ES-410C-2	1902-1903	Z-10 B-B	1052-1053	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	62,100	243,050	1949	
ES-412C-1	2200-2203	Z-12 B-B	1054-1057	1200	GM-EMD	SW7	B-B	60,838	243,350	1950	
ES-412C-2	2204-2207	Z-12 B-B	1058-1061	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	60,815	243,260	1951-2	
ES-412C-3	2250-2257	Z-12 B-B	1062-1069	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	62,550	249,400	1964	
ES-412C-4	2258-2261	Z-12 B-B	1070-1073	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	61,850	247,400	1964	
ES-412C-5	2289-2293	———	———	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	61,550	246,200	1966	
ES-415C-1	2481-2492	———	———	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	?	?	1968	
ES-415C-2	2511-2522	———	———	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	64,825	259,300	1969	
AS-416C-1	2800-2802	Z-16 B-B	308-310	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	60,962	243,850	1952	4
AS-416C-2	2803	Z-16 B-B	311 (2nd)	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	60,962	249,850	1952	4
AS-416C-3	2804-2805	Z-16 B-B	313-314	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,475	245,900	1951	4
AS-416C-4	2806-2807	Z-16 B-B	350-351	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,820	247,300	1951	4,12
AS-416C-4	2808-2811	Z-16 B-B	352-355	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,820	247,300	1951	4,12
AS-416C-5	2812	Z-16 B-B	356	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,200	244,800	1952	4
AS-416C-5	2813-2816	Z-16 B-B	357-360	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,200	244,800	1952	4
AS-616C-1	2888-2890	Z-16 C-C	270-272	1600	Alco-GE	RSD-5	C-C	81,375	325,500	1953	4
EF-418C-1	3641-3646	Z-17.5 B-B	820-825	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	62,000	248,000	1957	
EF-418C-2	3647-3652	Z-17.5 B-B	826-831	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	62,000	248,000	1959	
EF-420C-1	4030-4039	Z-20 B-B	800-809	2000	GM-EMD	GP20	B-B	65,275	261,100	1961	
EF-420C-2	4040-4049	Z-20 B-B	810-819	2000	GM-EMD	GP20	B-B	65,100	260,400	1961-2	
EF-423C-1	5000-5009	Z-22.5 B-B	750-759	2250	GM-EMD	GP30	B-B	65,075	260,300	1963	
AF-624C-1	5150	Z-24 C-C	850	2400	Alco Pr.	RSD-15	C-C	91,250	365,000	1960	
AF-624C-1	5151-5159	Z-24 C-C	851-859	2400	Alco Pr.	RSD-15	C-C	91,250	365,000	1960	
EP-415AC-1	6462	Z-15 B-B	306	1500	GM-EMD	FP7A	B-B	63,720	254,890	1950	
EF-425C-1	6500-6502	Z-25 B-B	760-762	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	66,050	264,200	1964	
EF-425C-1	6503	Z-25 B-B	763	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	66,050	264,200	1964	
EF-425C-2	6504-6519	Z-25 B-B	764-779	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	66,405	265,520	1964-5	
EF-425C-3	6680-6681	Z-25 B-B	780-781	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	65,750	263,000	1965	13
EF-430C-1	7600-7607	———	———	3000	GM-EMD	GP40	B-B	69,190	276,750	1966	
EF-636C-1	8964-8971	———	———	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	102,565	410,260	1968	
EF-636C-1	8972-8981	———	———	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	102,565	410,260	1968	
EF-636C-3	9052-9059	———	———	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	102,345	409,380	1969	
EF-636C-2	9060-9068	———	———	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	101,000	403,950	1968	

St. Louis Southwestern Notes

Roster is based on data from SLSW's Supt. Mechanical Dept., the SP's Chief Mechanical Officer-System, Precision Engineering's Vice Pres.-Operations, Luria Brother's Vice Pres., Texas South-Eastern's Supt. Motive Power & Equip., and T-M's President. It is accurate as of Oct. 20, 1969.

Loco builders: BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco Pr., Alco Products.

(1) 260 was sold to GE, then to Precision Engineering. (12/63); scrapped.

(2) 300-301 sold to Southern Pacific, renumbered 6067-6068; then sold to SLSW, then traded to GE for new power, and sold to Precision Engineering.

(3) 901-904 were originally numbered 900 A,B,D,C; 906-909 were originally numbered 905 B,A,C,D; 911-914 were originally numbered 910 A,B,D,C; 916-919 were originally numbered 915 B,A,C,D; and 921-924 were originally numbered 920 A,B,D,C.

(4) The following units were sold to GM-EMD: 901-904, 906-909, 911-914, 916-919, 921-959; 961-975 odd only; 1010-1027, 1900-1901, 2800-2816, 2888-2890.

(5) 1000, 1004, 1006 sold to Luria Brothers (4/63, 5/63, 2/63); scrapped.

(6) 1001 sold to Texas-Mexican, renumbered 511 (1/64).

(7) 1002 sold to the Georgetown, renumbered 1003 (4/63).

(8) 1003 sold to Nolan Brds., renumbered 404 (3/63).

(9) 1005, 1009 sold to Louisiana & North West, renumbered 42-43 (4/63). Then were sold to the Georgetown. L&NW 42 is used for parts. L&NW 43 was renumbered Georgetown 1004.

(10) 1007-1008 sold to Texas South-Eastern, renumbered 1007-1008 (2/63). TS-E 1008 has been scrapped but is still on the property.

(11) These units never carried their new numbers and classes.

(12) 350-355 were originally numbered 311 (1st)-312, 315-318.

(13) 780-781 were originally supposed to be SP 7762-7763 but were transferred to SLSW, relettered at the factory.

A Freak Accident

SOMEHOW the turret of an Army tank being transported on a Rock Island flatcar rotated a quarter turn in Lincoln, Neb., reports Jim Seacrest of that city. And from Lincoln until the train was stopped at Plymouth, the barrel of the cannon clipped everything in its way, including crossing signals and bridge structures. Debris, apparently whipping back from the extended tube, caused considerable damage to a farm tractor and a piggyback trailer on the car behind. Talk about freak accidents!

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You need no co-signers. No witnesses. If you are single, your signature is all you need. If you are married, just you and your husband, or wife, need sign for the loan. No one knows you are making a loan because the information you give us will be held in strict confidence in our files. We will not question your friends, relatives, tradespeople, employer, or others.

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Typical Monthly Payments Shown Include Both Interest and Principal

HOW MUCH CASH DO YOU NEED?

AMOUNT OF LOAN	24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS	ANNUAL % RATE
$100	$ 5.90	38.2
$200	11.69	37.2
$300	17.13	34.5
$400	22.49	32.8
$500	27.81	31.6
$600	33.13	30.8
$700	38.30	29.7
$800	43.33	28.6

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If for any reason you are not completely pleased with every step of your loan transaction, you may return our check within 10 days and absolutely no charge will be made. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed when you deal with Fairfax.

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2323 S. Brook St., Louisville, Kentucky 40208

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Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Occupation_____ Employer_____

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The Fairfax Family Fund, Inc.

2323 South Brook St., Dept. 1933 Louisville, Kentucky 40208

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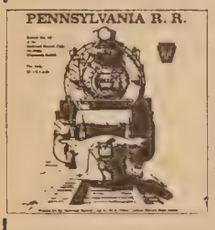

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An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

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To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
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—R. H., Corona, Cal.

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C Etched with gold/black Swedish coat of arms scrollwork. Large blade, small blade, screwdriver, nailfile 14.95

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E Mother-of-pearl handles with deep lustrous finish. Small blade, nailfile. 14.95

F Handles etched with Swedish coat of arms with gold/black scrollwork. Small blade, nailfile 11.95

GUARANTEE: You must be completely satisfied. All merchandise returnable for full refund within 5 days of receipt.

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BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by Albert Herskovits

THE MIDLAND MAIN LINE 1875-1922, by E.G. Barnes, hard cover, 280 pages, 5½x8½", indexed, illustrated, Geo. Allen & Unwin Ltd., $8.

The Midland Railway, in England, was mainly a freight line until 1875, when its board began emphasising passenger service. This marks the starting point for Barnes's history, which carries on from his earlier work, *The Rise of the Midland Railway*. It is a readable book, balancing the subjects of management decisions, financial details, and descriptions of rolling stock, without overemphasising any one of them. The author also describes some serious train wrecks. The only fault we found was that too few photographs were used to illustrate the text.

A CATSKILL SOUVENIR 1879, including *A Historical Sketch of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad*, by Wm. F. Helmer, soft cover, 26 pages, 6x9", steel engravings, Hope Farm Press, $3.50.

Two parts make up this slim volume: one is a brief history of the U&D, the other is a reproduction of a pamphlet issued in 1879, subtitled *Scenes on the line of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad*. Eight fine steel engravings show the railroad and the tranquil surrounding countryside, accompanied by some rather charming prose. There is not much in it for railfans, but you may like this nice piece of memorabilia of an era which had no modern air pollution.

A SHORT HAUL TO THE BAY, by James N.J. Henwood, hard cover, 48 pages, 5½x8½", illustrated, Stephen Greene Press, $3.50.

Henwood tells the story of the Narragansett Pier Railroad, an 8½-mile Rhode Island shortline. Much of the narrative is devoted to the road's motive power, including one unlucky engine, an Evans Auto-Railer, which fouled every switch in an interchange yard. Most of the photos show locomotives and cars.

VINTAGE STEAM, by J.E. Kite, hard cover, 104 pages, 7x9½", supercoated paper, illustrated, two to a page, Ian Allan Ltd., $5.75.

This is a nicely put together photographic collection of British motive power prior to 1914. All the major railways are represented: London & North Western, Midland, Caledonian, Great Western, etc. Unlike their American counterparts, Britain's locos were often beautifully painted, and the illustrations show it. Many of these photos were shot in the late 19th Century, so you would expect some fuzziness, but *Vintage Steam* has almost none of that.

Freight Crews

Of many men and many minds within this vale of tears,
Some are inclined to cards and dice, some like their wines and beers;
But of all things that come to me, to thrill my very soul,
I love to hear an engine's call and see the boxcars roll.
The long freight trains come rambling through the quiet countryside,
An old mill taking, easily, the long miles in her stride;
The fast redballs and manifests, the drags and local freight;
And, yes, the lowly switcher, too, I surely think they're great.
Let others praise the streamlined trains and their good points extol;
I prefer to mix with freight crews and watch the reefers roll.

—James A. Morris

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be — today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things, of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows." It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own." It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

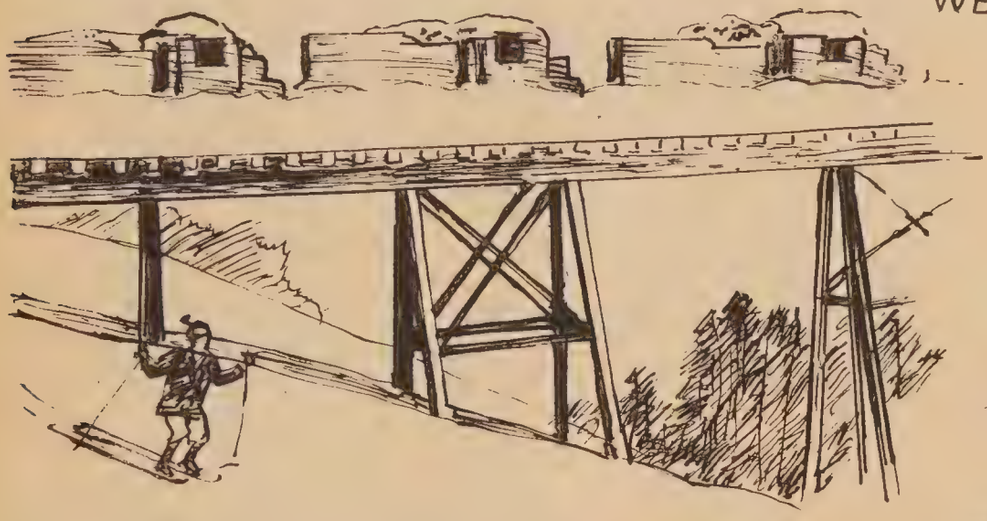
Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-7-C
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60626

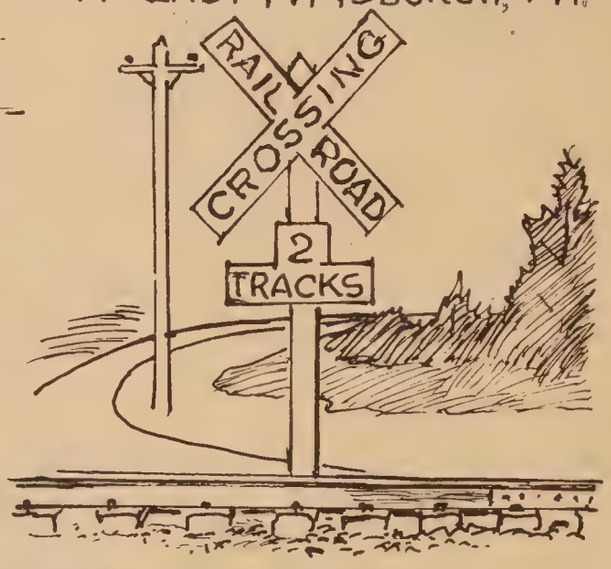
ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by Joe Easley

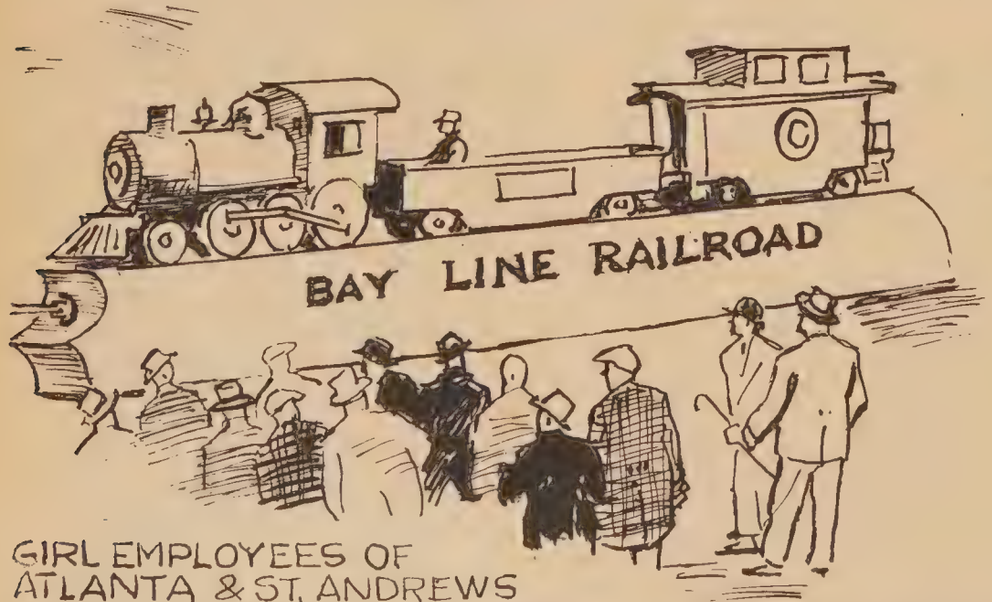
WORLD'S LARGEST RAILROAD CAR, WHEN EXPANDED TO CARRY 600 TONS PAYLOAD, IS MORE THAN 175 FEET LONG. McDOWELL WELLMAN ENGINEERING CO. DESIGNED AND BUILT IT FOR WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORP AT EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.



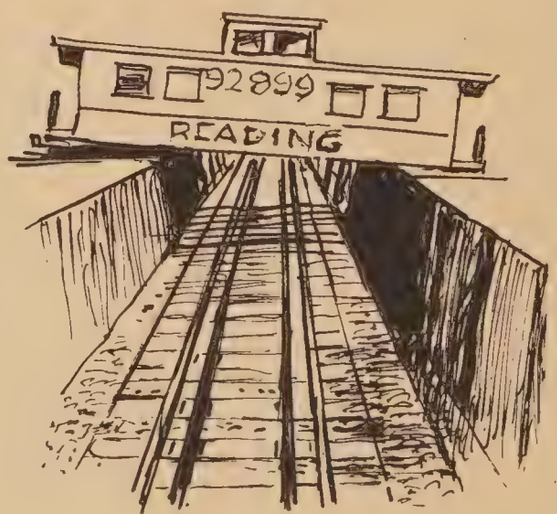
THREE FORLORN DIESEL UNITS OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC FREIGHT TRAIN WERE SNOWBOUND FOR SEVERAL DAYS ON TRESTLE AT DONNER SUMMIT, CALIF. (Picture from Bill Kessel)



UNIQUE PENN CENTRAL SIGN AT FAIRVIEW, PA. (from U.F. Bower photo)



GIRL EMPLOYEES OF ATLANTA & ST. ANDREWS BAY RAILWAY DESIGNED AND BUILT THIS FLOAT FOR NATIONAL PEANUT FESTIVAL PARADE IN DOTHAN, ALA. (from The Bay Liner magazine)



BUCKLING RAIL CAUSED THIS SCENE LAST DECEMBER ON PENNSYLVANIA-READING SEASHORE LINES OVERPASS AT AUDUBON, N.J. (from Camden Courier-Post Photo by Sam Kushner)

Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: **What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: **What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: **Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: **Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?**

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: **Is this something new?**

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: **How do I know it works?**

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: **Who are some of these people?**

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: **How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?**

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: **How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?**

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 493, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

No salesman will call

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 493 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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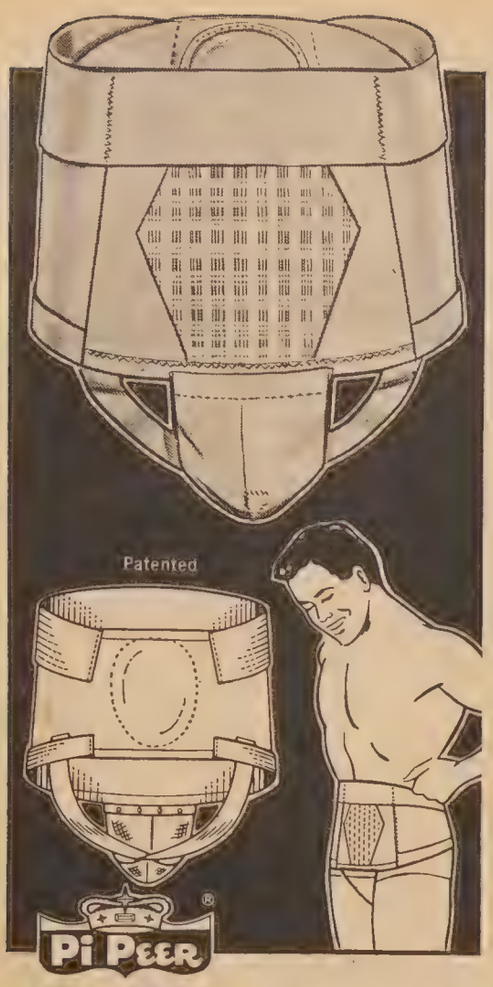
If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐



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HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

ILLINOIS RAILWAY MUSEUM in Union Ill., has added a 1936 Burlington *Zephyr,* led by engine No. 9955A, from the Colorado & Southern, now a Burlington subsidiary. The museum already has five steam engines and a number of trolleys, and operates a shortline. N.H.W. Hansen, president, tells us that an 1851 replica of the Chicago & North Western station at Marengo, Ill., will soon be finished. Last year, the museum line carried 44,000 passengers.

A group of local businessmen is planning to start a "snow train" rail service to operate between Boston's North Station and Littleton, N.H. Because there is no direct right-of-way between these two points, the train will make a roundabout trip over 40 additional miles, mak- 180 miles for the trip. The *Macoma Week,* a local N.H. paper, reports that it will leave Boston every Friday at 7 P.M. and take four hours to cover the distance. Passengers will ride on Budd cars from the Boston & Maine spare pool. Presumably many skiers will make the journey which, if it succeeds, will be the only rail passenger service available in northern New England. We wish the group success.

A "Pullman Palace," featuring hundreds of items, including buttons, posters, manuals, silverware, and Pullman cipher books, is operated by the Rev. H.M. Kennickell, Jr., 8226 Westhampton Station, Richmond, Va. 23226, who acquired several boxes of these souvenirs before the Pullman Company went out of business last year. He also has some buttons from the Richmond & Danville, which merged with the Southern Railway in 1894.

Probably the largest collection of steam whistles in the Southwest is owned by John Hedge, 304 North Glover Drive, Longview, Texas. John has a five-piper that dates back to the Civil War and was made to order for a fastidious engineer. Other whistles include one which needs 300 pounds to blow, and numerous specimens from tugs and steamboats.

A set of prints of various Southern Pacific locomotives in action includes an impressive drawing of a diesel overtaking (or falling behind) a huge Mallet. The set of four prints, costing $4, can be had from E.L. Ericksen (who made the drawings), 180 Minnesota Ave., Ft. Bragg, Calif. 95437.

Our June cover will be a color-shot of a Milwaukee Road electric train. If we can round up some good b&w Milwaukee electric photos before March 13th we'll use them to illustrate an article on the subject in the same issue.

Shay pictured in our Dec. issue on page 50 belongs to Edgar T. Meade, Jr., Chairman of Steamtown Foundation. He says, "I do not know who owns the delightful railfanette Ruth Teger."

The N.Y. Division of Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc., seeks Walter A. Lucas's *Pocket Guide to American Locomotives* and a 1903 edition of Poor's *Manual of Railroads.* They also want to fill out their colletcion of R&LHS *Bulletins.* If you can help, write them at P.O. Box 1318, New York, N.Y. 10017.

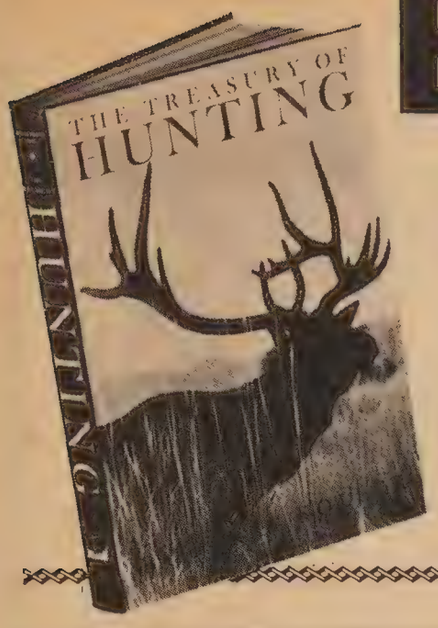
The Indiana Railway Museum in Westport, Ind., has started a novel idea which may spread to other areas. The museum, which has a 3-mile right-of-way, is forming a chamber of commerce to try to convince industrial firms to do business in the area, using the museum's track as a freight carrier. The resultant income would then be used to buy more equipment and expand the museum's exhibits.

The *Cinder Snapper,* monthly publication of the Atlanta Chapter, NRHS, reports that the chapter is negotiating for a place to display the railroadiana owned by its members. The most likely spot is the restored depot-yard office of Gordon and Pierce Farmer of Hamburg, Ga.

An up-to-date list of our dwindling supply of available back issues will be sent to you for a self-addressed stamped envelope. No issues are left prior to Jan. '66, and not all since then! Once our supply goes, it is gone forever. Better get back numbers now while we still have them. If we don't have all of the old issues you need, you can probably get them through our *Switch List.*

Information is wanted by Simon E. Herring, 932 N. Main St., Bellefontaine, Ohio 43311, on Detroit & Lima Northern 2-4-4 steam passenger car No. 100, Baldwin 4-1898. He saw a photo of it recently. His father was a fireman on the line from 1897 to 1903, but never mentioned seeing or firing that particular car. Simon also needs anecdotes, old photos, or timetables on the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton or its predecessors for a book he is writing.

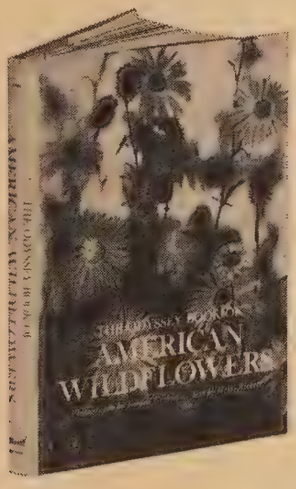
BOOK SALE!



Fascinating books, on all subjects, from presses and publishers all over the world are being offered in this spectacular book sale at truly amazing savings. These great bargains can provide you, your family and friends with hours of fun, information and diversion. Many of these fine books are profusely illustrated, luxuriously bound and true collector's items.

Look through the listings carefully and rush your order to us today. Many of these exciting values are in limited supply and will go quickly. Please yourself and your friends with these lavish gift items.

98. THE ODYSSEY BOOK OF AMERICAN WILDFLOWERS. 305 Photos by F. Grehan, Text by H. W. Rickett. Every one of the 305 flowers is represented in a large, full-color Photo for easy identification, with descriptive text, growth characteristics, habitat, etc. Contains the most stunning photos of flowers produced in book form in this country. 8½ x 11¾. Orig. Pub. at $12.95. **New, complete ed. Only $6.95**



8797. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH. Foreword by Sir Vivian Fuchs. Intro. by Carroll L. Fenton. More than 500 Photos & Diagrams, mostly in color. Comprehensive, authoritative account of the anatomy and history of our planet, the geology, mineralogy, palaeontology—answers almost every question. Pub. at $17.50 **Only $9.95**

3942. GREAT AIR BATTLES. Ed. by Lt. Col. Gene Gurney. With 84 Photos, Drawings & Maps. Replete with on-the-spot photos, here is a compilation of some of the greatest air battles of World War I and II and Korea, some written by the flyers themselves. Fully indexed. Pub. at $5.95 **Only $2.98**

2965. HOW TO PLAY CHESS. By Emanuel Lasker. New revised edition of one of the best books for beginners. **Only $1.00**

2905. THE TREASURY OF THE GUN. By Harold L. Peterson. A gorgeous volume with hundreds of magnificent Full Color Photos, rare prints & drawings plus lively, informative text covering the history of the gun from gunpowder to magazine arms. Size 8½ x 11¾. Pub. at $15.00. **Only $7.95**

3653. HANDGUNNER'S GUIDE. By Chic Gaylord. Over 200 Illus. The definite guidebook on modern handguns and their use, including the art of the quickdraw and combat shooting, with a fascinating chapter on the great gun-fighters of the Old West. Pub. at $7.50. **Only $2.98**

2947. SISTERS OF THE NIGHT. The Startling Story of Prostitution in New York Today. By Jess Stearn. Prefaced with excerpts from a report by Chief City Magistrate Murtagh to Mayor Wagner of N.Y. A brutally frank picture of hundreds of girls—what, how and why they ply their trade. Orig. Pub. at $3.50. **New, complete ed., Only $1.98**

FRITZ HENLE'S FIGURE STUDIES. Masterpieces of photography of the female nude in color and black & white with technical data. Pub. at $6.95 **Only $2.98**

9208. THE TREASURY OF HORSES. By Walter D. Osborn & Patricia H. Johnson. Magnificently illustrated with hundreds of photos including 72 pages in sparkling color. A pictorial history of every breed of racing, riding and working horse from earliest times to the present. 8½ x 11¾. Orig. Pub. at $14.95 **Only $6.95**

9327. DIG FOR PIRATE TREASURE. By Robt. I. Nesmith. Illus. with prints, drawings, maps & photos of coins and jewels. Authentic information on buried and sunken treasure which remain to be discovered. Tells about the people who are finding treasure and tells how to hunt for treasure. Orig. Pub. at $6.00. **New, complete ed. Only $1.98**

9051. HENRY'S WONDERFUL MODEL T 1908-1927. By Floyd Clymer. A fond album of 500 photos, cartoons, ads, songs, jokes and informative text about America's favorite car. For the connoisseur there are statistics and diagrams 8¾ x 11¼. Orig. Pub. at $5.95. **Only $2.98**

8708. ARTHRITIS AND YOU. By J. W. Brooke, M.D. Sound information and advice on the different forms of arthritis, causes, treatment, research, national agencies and the adjustment of the arthritic and his family. Pub. at $3.00 **Only $1.00**

99. A HISTORY OF ORGIES. By Burgo Partridge. The public and private enjoyment of sex in its most unrestrained form from the time of the ancient Greeks to the 20th century. Orig. Pub. at $3.98. **New, complete ed., Only $1.98**

8686. GUNS & AMMO FOR HUNTING BIG GAME. By Elmer Keith. 179 Photos & Drawings. Personal experiences and suggestions from the noted arms and hunting expert from the choosing and uses of the different rifles to the hunting and tracking of game throughout the world including the care of game, pack outfits, tentage and equipment. 8 x 11. Pub. at $12.50. **Only $4.95**

56. GREAT SEA BATTLES. By O. Warner. Over 250 Photos, plus many Full Color illus., maps, letters and diagrams. Magnificent presentation of some of the finest hours in the naval history of many nations. Covers the most dramatic moments of 400 years of conflicts from Lepanto to World War II. 9¾ x 12¾. Pub. at $25.00. **Only $9.95**

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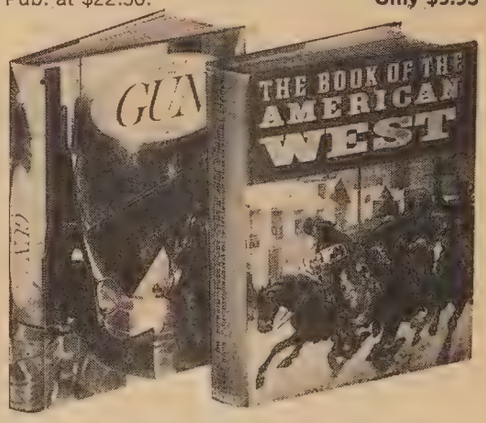

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The Switch List

We list entries free but without a guarantee. Not over 25 words, including name and address. Use abbreviations: *tts.* (timetables), *emp. tts.* (employes timetables), *SSE* (send 6¢ stamped envelope, if in U.S., for list or details). Your entry will be printed in our first available issue. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

DAVE ALBERT, 4 Lowell St., Waterville, Maine 04901, buys MEC steam, diesel pix, esp. on Mt. Div. and Beecher Falls branch.

C.L. ANDREWS, 4231 S.W. 38th St., West Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells 3½x5 pix steam, diesel, stations, cars, of Lv, RDG, CUJ, SCL, etc. (SSE)

MATT BAJ, Jr., 51 Lilly St., Florence, Mass. 01060, buys color slides RUT steam, diesel locos, trains.

GEO. BARTH, 268 Grove St., Charleston, S.C. 29403, sells Pullman plans; list and sample, 50¢.

V.W. BEST, 9306 Orizaba, Downey, Calif. 90240, trades GN, PRR, L&N dining-car menus for those of other roads.

ELMER BRASWELL, 1581 Melrose Dr. S.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30310, trades 5x7 traction pix Ga. Power for SE and western states.

PAT CARMODY, 1137 E. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Mich. 49107, buys any size pix and 35mm slides NdeM diesels, cars; also copies of NdeM's magazine.

MYRON CLOUSER, Jr., 4624 N. Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60625, sells Cinn. Car Co. bldr. plates; buys marker lights.

AL COLEMAN, Box 2033, New York, N.Y. 10001, buys or trades for psgr. train drumhead signs, station signs, interurban items.

ED CONKLIN, 5 King Arthur's Court, St. James, N.Y. 11780, will sell CN steam loco bell, num. plates, other railroadiana. (SSE)

DICK CRANDALL, Concord Rd., Springville, N.Y. 14141, sells reprints of PRR 1885 tt.

VINCENT DELLA TORRE, 116 Cherokee Lane, Franklin Lakes, N.J. 07417, buys new dining-car menus, playing cards.

VINCENT DeSANTIS, 196 Carbon St., Paterson, N.J. 07522, buys any size NYS&W diesel or station negs.; sells EL color slides.

BOB FARRICY, 1017 Westmoreland Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. 13210, wants to arrange amateur radio-telephone contact with other railfans.

JERE GEIB, Rte. 1, Mt. Joy, Pa. 17552, sells P&R switch lanterns; trades loco bldr. plates.

JUD GERMAN, 7316 Covington Rd., Lithonia, Ga. 30058, buys Off. Guides, Poor's Manuals.

GORDON HAMILTON, 1010 Orchard Hill S.E., Roanoke, Va. 24013, will buy 1,5,7/55; 5/65; Vol. 1-8 ERA Headlights and Headlight indexes for 1950, '61-'62.

R.I. HARRIS, 700 Hwy. 121A #446, Hurst, Tex. 76053, buys slides, pix UP 100-129, SD45's, SSW 304 in Daylight colors.

TOM HAUTON, 508 Albert Ave., Pitman, N.J. 08071, buys pix Wharton & N. and Rahway Valley locos.

ALBERT HERSKOVITS, 40 East 66 St., New York, N.Y. 10021, will buy dining-car menus, psgr. schedules AT&SF, PRR, B&M, UP, IC, GN.

CHRIS IRWIN, 17 Frederick St., Loughborough, Leicester, England, sells English ry. books; list free.

WILSON JONES, 105 Fairmont Ave., Hackensack, N.J. 07601, buys rr. music.

J.F. KEAVY, Box 214, Fall River, Mass. 02724, sells steam, diesel, elec., trolley color postcards; list and sample, 10¢.

WAYNE KERSLAKE, 1615 Cedar Lane, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57103, sells or trades sw. keys. (SSE) Sells railroadriana; no list.

A.M. LANGLEY Jr., Rte. 1, Box 64A, North Augusta, S.C. 29841, sells or trades tkts., tts., rulebks., diesel manuals, pix, other railroadiana; list, 20¢.

ELVIN LIQUE, 1501½ 2nd St., Wausau, Wis. 54401, sells p.c. size, 3½x5 pix steam, diesel, elec. Each list 10¢ and SSE.

HARRY LYZOTT, 2529 Webb St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46225, will buy 3/37 RMC, 10/46 Mdl. RRer, CERA Bulls. 100-104.

NICHOLAS MANUSOS, 1127 Deltona Blvd., Deltona, Fla. 32763, sells NYC, NKP steam, diesel calendars for 1970.

JIM MATZ, Box 1112, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018, buys negs., orig. slides of psgr. equip., rulebks.

MIKE MAZZACANO, 3739 Landfair Rd., Pasadena, Calif. 91107, sells pix AT&SF, UP, SP diesels and D&RGW, AT&SF, SP, B&O steam.

DICK MORHARD, 14 Rogers La., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787, sells orig. 35mm slides; negs.; color, b&w pix; rr. books, mags.; other railroadiana.

TOM MULLAHEY, 933 E. Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa. 17948, buys rulebks., sw. keys, tts.

T.A. MYRIND, 47471 Fernald St., Fremont, Calif. 94538, buys or trades sw. keys.

DAVE NESTLE, Ray Rd., Greenwich, N.Y. 12834, sells much railroadiana. List 25¢, refundable.

HAROLD OLSEN, 125 E. 4 Ave., Roselle, N.J. 07203, sells or trades size 116 pix LARy, LATL, PE. (SSE)

C.G. PARSONS, Rte. A2, Box 124D, Dunnellon, Fla. 32630, sells 35mm Kodachrome dupl. slides steam, diesel, trolley; sample, 30¢.

JIM PROKES, 7850 S. Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 60652, buys steam and trolley tts., cap badges, CERA Bulls.

J.R. QUINN, Box 1044, Tillson, N.Y. 12486, sells size 616 diesel, caboose, equip. negs.

FELIX REIFSCHNEIDER, Fairton, N.J. 08320, buys tts., emp. tts. of N.Y.; Auburn & Lansing, Central NY South.; LIRR; Ithaca, Aub. & Wstn.

R. REPPERT, 228 Crooked Lane, King of Prussia, Pa. 19406, will sell or trade 36" gage- Tom Thumb steam loco and std.-gage 9-hp light railcar.

WAYNE RHEINFELD, 1011 Neilson St., Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691, buys sw., marker, classification, hand lanterns, globes, bells, hdlts.; whistles, locks, keys.

W.H.N. ROSSITER (engineman), 38 Flerimac Rd., West Hill, Ont., Canada, sells 4x10, 8x10, 5½x14, 11x14 action and still pix of CP, CN, TH&B, UP, SOO, GN, DM&IR steam; no list.

WAYNE SCHENK, Box 195, West Seneca, N.Y. 14224, sells orig. color slides U.S., Canadian stations, diesels. List and sample, 25¢.

JOE STAUBER, 709 W. Arnold St., Marshfield, Wis. 54449, sells diesel pix GB&W, SOO, CMSP&P, C&NW.

BOB STAUFFER, 930 S. Franklin St., Palmyra, Pa. 17078, sells Nat. Geographic mags. 1914-'58 containing psgr. train ads. (SSE)

JOHN STONE, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105, buys rr. lanterns.

MEL SWANSICK, 6430 Zavier Court, Arvada, Colo. 80002, sells 35mm color slides UP DDA4OX. (SSE)

TOM SWENSON, Box 1851, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201, buys anything from GB&W or predecessor.

MONK TWITCHELL, RFD 2, Elizabethtown, Ill. 62931, will trade for rr. watch with bold numerals.

DICK WAGNER, 2813 Spring, Racine, Wis. 53405, will trade A&WP, GA, WofA 1944 loco, psgr. car diagram bks. for trolley postcards.

DON WALLWORTH, 135 Brookside Ave., Hohokus, N.J. 07423, buys or trades for colored glass insulator, esp. purple, with CP embossed in glass.

BOB WARREN, 1216 Arvo St., Sudbury, Ont., Canada, buys 9x12 color steam action pix.

R. WARREN, 64 Turnberry Rd., Great Barr, Birmingham 22A England, sells English cast-iron ry. warning notes from 1883.

BOB YANOSEY, 40 Hendel Ave., N. Arlington, N.J. 07032, buys steam and diesel neg. collections.

STEVE BRAYTON, 33 Highgate St., Allston, Mass. 02100, sells 35mm slides East European, Soviet Union RRs, trolleys. Sample and list, 40¢ plus SSE.

KARL BURKHARDT, R.D. 3 Box 455, Gettysburg, Pa. 17325, buys switch keys, pix D&H 1505, also SD-45's; trades rulebooks.

H.E. CHELF, 5004 N. Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill. 61614, will sell 14 b&w 3½x5 pix of famous locos at Chicago RR. Fair, 1948; $2.75 postpaid.

FRANK DiFALCO, 54 9th Ave., Haverhill, Mass. 01830, will sell 6000 negs., 100 slides of good and rare diesel subjects, to be sold as single group; also emp. tts.

BOB GREENAWALT, 3643 N. Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif. 91770, has new list of swapper rr. stocks, bonds. No sales; (SSE)

CHAS. KNOLL, 120 Coolidge Ave., Spencerport, N.Y. 14559, needs hanger-support yoke for 15" dia. Baldwin bell. Provide sketch, dimensions, price.

CARL LARSON, 24 Forest Ave., Caldwell, N.J. 07006, sells Baldwin mags. 1930-'51; passes, forms, rr. engineering and scenic books 1870- date. (Large SSE)

H.W. SERIG, 3205 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21201, will sell diesel bldrs. plates; also one copy Poor's Denver South Park & Pacific, good cond.

L.G. SIMPSON, 26 Valleyview Dr., Dayton, Ohio. 45405, will sell or trade bldrs. and number plates, PRR, DMIR, NKP, Keystones; make offers (SSE)

C.R. YUNGKURTH, 306 Ridgfield Rd., Endicott, N.Y. 13760, will buy color slides of Bellfonte Central equipment.

Model Trading Post

LEO BERNOUDY, 3201 Colorado Ave., Kenner, La. 70062, will trade plastic HO locos, cars for Mdl. Rectifier Corp. N gage FT in C&O colors.

W.A. GRIMM, 204 Gregory Ave., West Orange, N.J. 07052, will sell Lionel std.-gage 1912 brass reproduction and #42 locos. ●

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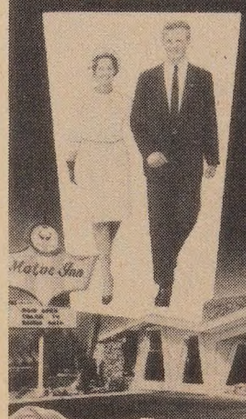

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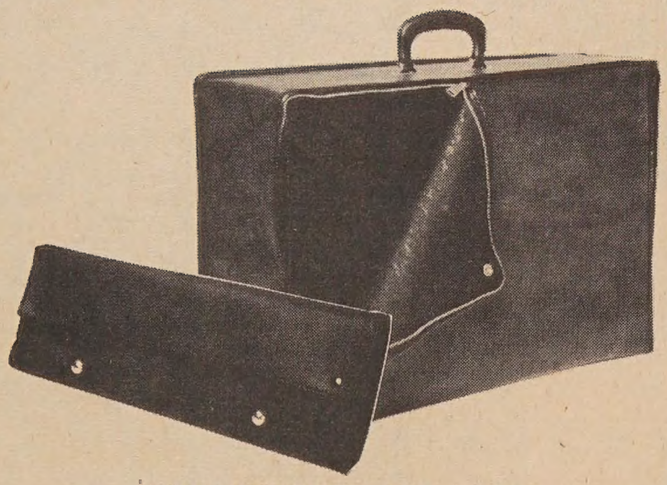

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